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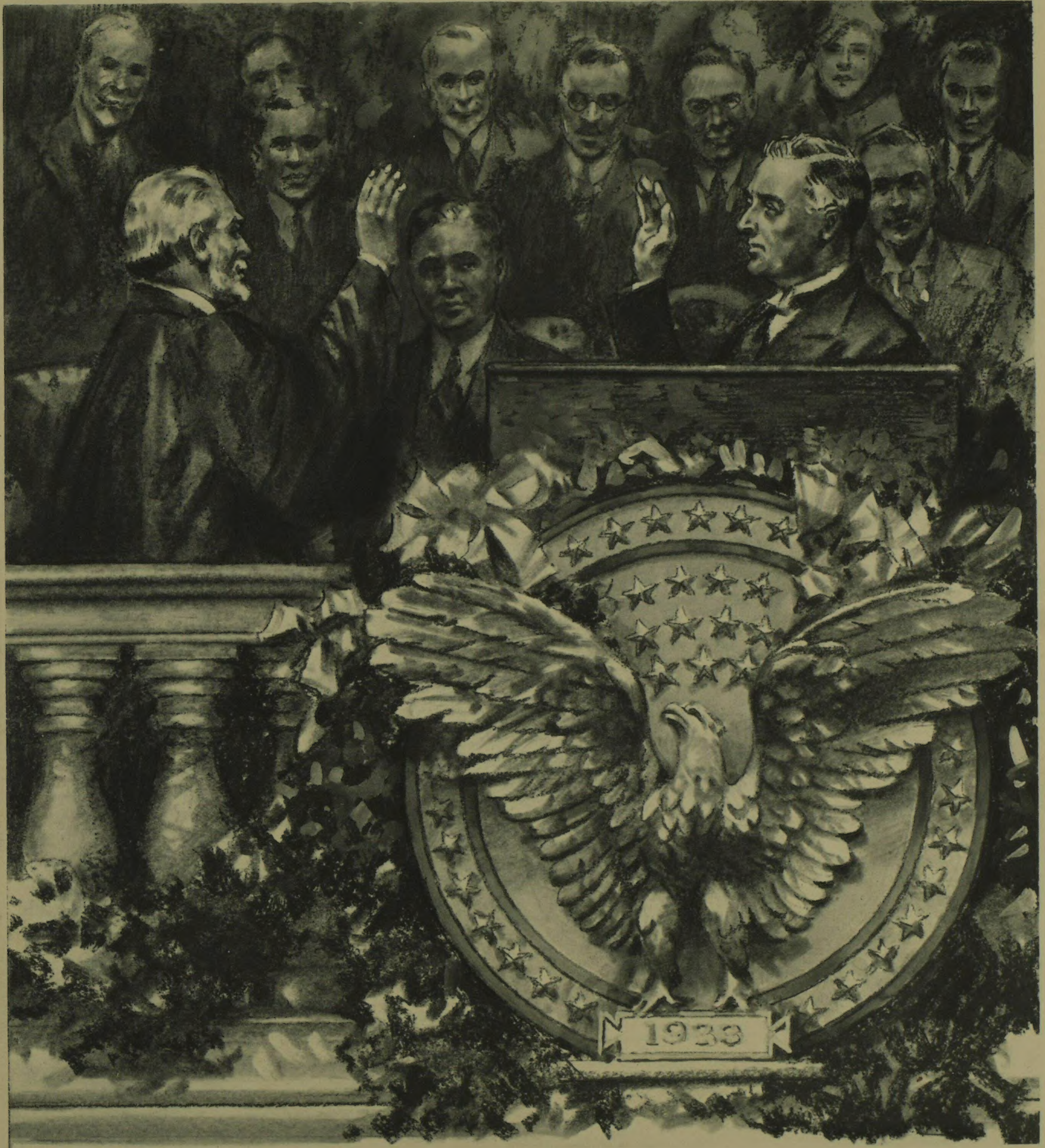
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1933.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: MR. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE IN FRONT OF THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, ON THE CAPITOL HILL, WASHINGTON, ON MARCH 4.

The Oath of Office was administered to Mr. Roosevelt by Chief Justice Hughes, of the Supreme Court, who is seen on the left. The Book used was an old Dutch Bible that is a Roosevelt family heirloom. As we note under a page of photographs of the President, his speech was a plea for vigorous action; and, assuredly, he has lost no time in getting to work. Of particular European interest was his statement: "I would

dedicate the Nation to the policy of the good neighbour, who resolutely respects himself and, because he does so, respects the rights of others; the neighbour who respects obligations and respects the sanctity of his agreements with his neighbours in the world. If I read the temper of our people correctly, we now realise as never before our interdependence on each other; that we cannot merely take, but must give."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TELEGRAPHED FROM THE UNITED STATES.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE discovered that the New Prudery is much narrower and more prudish than the Old Prudery; even of the most dingy and dismal latter days of Puritanism. The discovery interests me not a little, for I always thought I had a pure and perfect and spotless hatred of the ordinary sort of Puritanism. But the pure Puritan is not so grim and negative and repressive as the pure Progressive. The New Prudery does not come out of stale sects or old shabby chapels: it comes out of all the new clubs, new leagues, new guilds of art and culture, new summer schools of science and philanthropy. It is altogether a thing of the Future; or at least of the Futurists, who think they will dominate the future. It is even notably a thing of the young, and, what is far more extraordinary, of the young who would call themselves the free. And the Ten Commandments of the Christian, or even the Ten Hundred Commandments of the Puritan, are themselves like perfect freedom compared with the terrorism and rigidity of its new Taboos.

I will give a practical case to prove the sober truth of what I say. A certain lady, who happened to be looking after the child of a younger lady, discovered the infant to be showing a dark and morbid interest in the story of Joan of Arc. The younger lady belonged to this school which prides itself upon being young; not at all in the sense in which the poet speaks of drinking ale in the country of the young, but rather in that curious country of the young where nobody is allowed to drink ale, but either cold water or cocktails—sometimes winding up with arsenic. In short, she had all the most progressive ideas, and she, the lady who was the mother, informed the other lady, who was acting *in loco parentis*, that the following rules must be strictly observed in the teaching, or for that matter, the playtime, of her child. (1) The child must never read fairy-tales or be allowed to hear about fairies. (2) The child must never hear of the very existence of fighting in any form. (3) The child must be strictly guarded from the shameful rumour that there is such a thing as religion or religious beliefs. I will leave the lady confronted with the problem of narrating, under these limitations, the historical story of Saint Joan of Arc. The child must not hear of the childhood of St. Joan, when she played round the tree of the fairies; the child must not hear of the life of St. Joan, which I fear was largely occupied with fighting; the child must not hear of the death of St. Joan, which was a result of the fighting and raises the very indelicate question of faith; or what St. Joan was fighting about and what she was dying for. I should like to see the expurgated or bowdlerised life of the fifteenth-century heroine.

Now it is nonsense to say that this sort of thing is liberal or emancipated; it is nonsense to pretend that it is not much more narrow and obscurantist than the blackest pessimism of the worst days of Puritanism. I am not comparing it with my own religion: I am comparing it with the religion I dislike most; and I say it is quite certain that the Puritanism I dislike most was a wild burst of freedom, and a paradise of pleasures and liberties, compared with this sort of thing. I do not like the Scottish Sabbath, or the old dark shuttered houses, or the long days passed in reading dull divinity or in doing nothing. But they were better fun than this; they were a great deal more free than this. For instance, it is not a plea for Puritanism, it is a part of the proverbial protest against Puritanism, to say that people were

only allowed to read the Bible, especially on Sundays. But the Bible is an Arabian Nights of romantic and passionate stories compared with the limitations laid down by this enlightened person. The Bible is an Encyclopædia Britannica of varied topics and multitudinous human interests compared with the amount of knowledge that can be conveyed under those new conditions. Nobody could read the Bible without gaining a glorious mass of information about fighting, about faith, about religions true and false, about

it is being much better educated than a miserable little prig who must not be told that Joan of Arc carried a battle-banner, but must be assured that she only carried an umbrella.

So far to limit war literature is simply to limit literature, and the Bible alone would be a better training than a silly scrupulosity that should remain ignorant of the war-horse whose neck was clothed with thunder, or that wild quarry that laughed at the shaking of the spear. It is odd, however, to remember that in those dark Puritan homes of which I have spoken, another exception was proverbially made, and children, even on Sundays, were allowed to read "The Pilgrim's Progress." That is, they were allowed to read what may be a fairy-tale: what is certainly a fighting tale and what has actually, according to countless testimonies, been no bad substitute for other nursery novels or romances. Anyhow, a child with a free soul might find something in it of a fighting spirit; and never forget the instant when Apollyon straddled over the whole breadth of the way; or the dying Great-heart gave up his sword and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side. I would rather be a dingy, dusty, bewildered, benighted seventeenth-century Calvinistic tinker than never have heard in this vale of tears any distant note of that trumpet.

The intellectual interest of this bit of bigotry lies in this: that the new philosophies and new religions and new social systems cannot draw up their own plans for emancipating mankind without still further enslaving mankind. They cannot carry out even what they regard as the most ordinary reforms without instantly imposing the most extraordinary restrictions. We are to live under a sort of martial law lest we should hear of anything martial. All our children are to be watched by the grimmest of all governesses lest they should be told, even by accident, of a fairy or a fight with robbers. Everybody is to be drilled with an anti-militarist discipline which is quite as stiff and strict as a militarist discipline. All the nursery stories are to be subject to a Censor, who shall object if they are too pretty, as the very dullest sort of Victorian or philistine Censor would object if they were too ugly. A new Mrs. Grundy shall arise, who will blush not at natural facts, but only at preternatural fancies. A new Paul Pry will be sent to sneak about our houses, or look through our keyholes, to find out whether (in some den of infamy) a child is being taught to admire courage. Whatever we may think of the relative claims of the two religions, one fact is now logically self-evident: that the new religion, every bit as much as the old religion, will be a persecuting religion. It will be, by its very nature, a thing fighting for its life against the normal forces of human nature; every bit as much as has been alleged of any system

of asceticism or self-denial in the past. It is indeed a case in which extremes meet; though, in truth, extremes often meet because they are much less extreme than people suppose. The modern Pacifist is really very like the ancient Puritan; the man who now has a horror of all theology is very like the man who then had a horror of all things except theology. And the proof is in this practical case. The old Calvinist, like the new Communist, really did forbid children to read stories about fairies. The old Puritan, like the new peace-man, really would forbid boys to read a penny dreadful about pirates. This new idealist is not even new, in the manner of the babe unborn. He is our own Puritan great-grandfather dreadfully risen from the dead.



THE "VIRTUAL DICTATOR" OF PRUSSIA: CAPTAIN GÖRING, REICH COMMISSIONER FOR THE MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR, ON THE BALCONY OF HIS OFFICE IN UNTER DEN LINDEN, TAKING THE SALUTE AT A PROPAGANDA MARCH-PAST OF NAZIS IN BERLIN BEFORE THE ELECTIONS.

Captain Göring, who is generally regarded as the "strong man" of the Hitler régime in Germany, was famous as an airman during the Great War, and is now Commissioner for the Air, as well as Reich Commissioner for the Ministry of the Interior in Prussia. In this latter capacity, which gives him control of the police, he has great power, and is reported to have exercised it with ruthless energy against political opponents. Describing the incident here illustrated, the Berlin correspondent of the "Times" said: "To-day (March 3) many thousands of uniformed Nazis, on foot and mounted, led by a group of Nazi 'Auxiliary Police' with revolvers, made a propaganda march. In Unter den Linden, Captain Göring, the virtual Dictator of Prussia, took the salute from a balcony of the Prussian Ministry of the Interior. Standing bareheaded in the rain with a pink-edged brown cloak thrown toga-like over his brown Nazi uniform, he made a Napoleonic, if massive, figure."

mystical or magical or mysterious beings such as hover round man in all the legends and literature of the world. The little boys who grew up in the dark Calvinistic houses of our great-grandfathers did, in actual fact, grow up with their heads full of a noble noise of conflict and crisis; valiant and vigorous action described in the grandest English that our national history has known; the noise of the captains and the shouting; the chariots of Israel and the horses thereof; and he that drew a bow at a venture and smote the king between the joints of the harness; and he whose driving was known from afar off, for he drove furiously. That, under all its other disadvantages, is what I call being educated; certainly

THE STRONG MAN OF THE UNITED STATES—READY FOR "WAR" POWERS.



MR. FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT:

THE THIRTY-SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
WHO HAS DECLARED FOR ACTION AND ACTION NOW.

IT would seem that President Franklin D. Roosevelt is to be the strong man of the United States. When he took the oath of office on March 4, he said: "I am prepared to recommend measures that a stricken nation may require. . . . In the event of a critical national emergency, I shall not evade the clear course of duty. I shall ask Congress for the one remaining instrument to meet such a crisis—namely, a broad executive power to wage war against the emergency as great as the power that would be given to me if we were, in fact, invaded by a foreign foe." Within thirty-six hours, acknowledging a national emergency, he had prolonged the United States "bank holiday" until Thursday, March 9, when the new Congress was due to meet in special session, and had made it applicable throughout the country, its territories and insular possessions. Mr. Roosevelt, it may be added, began his career as a lawyer. During the Great War he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. In 1920 he was Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but was defeated. He became Governor of New York State in 1928 and was re-elected in 1930. He is fifty-two. His famous namesake, Theodore Roosevelt, was a fifth cousin.





THE "KEY POSITION" OF CENTRAL JEHOI, OCCUPIED BY JAPANESE TROOPS ON MARCH 1: CHINFENG (HATA)—THE HIGH STREET, WITH A CURIOUS INN SIGN (SEEN ON LEFT).

THE FAR EASTERN "TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND": SOME SALIENT FACTS ABOUT JEHOI AND MANCHURIA.

By E. M. GULL, SECRETARY OF THE CHINA ASSOCIATION.

"I'm on Tom Tiddler's Ground, picking up gold and silver." Who is there who doesn't remember that challenge in the game he or she played as a child? They are put at the head of this article because they describe aptly not only what is happening in Jehol and Manchuria to-day, but what has happened there for centuries. Jehol has gold, and therefore may have silver too; Manchuria not only has gold, but produces also several other metals of which silver is a by-product, such as copper and lead. More important, both countries possess large stores of the wealth which has been measured in silver and gold since history began. And because of this, both countries have changed hands many times. For centuries China has been Tom Tiddler: now Japan is taking her place. Russia wanted to be Tom Tiddler, and, but for Japan, would have succeeded. Earlier still, the Mongols were Tom Tiddler; before them, again, the Chinese. And so the game for racial and economic supremacy in these great territories, which are as big as England, France, and Germany put together, has been played—and played ferociously—back to the earliest times of which we have record. Jehol, the smallest part of this huge area, is about 60,000 square miles in size. It constitutes a

(Continued below.)



CHINESE IRREGULAR TROOPS NEAR CHINFENG: TYPES OF UNTRAINED FORCES BY WHICH THE JAPANESE WERE SAID TO HAVE BEEN MAINLY OPPOSED IN THEIR INITIAL ADVANCE THROUGH JEHOI.

borderland between Mongolia and Manchuria, and, geographically speaking, is part of both. Some of it forms the slope which the great Mongolian plateau makes as it descends to the Manchurian plain; some of it falls sharply, in a series of rugged hills, towards North China. The capital city of Jehol, whose proper name is Ch'ingtefu, stands amid the hills, about 114 miles north of Peking. When Anne became Queen of England, it was an unimportant village. Before the end of George III.'s reign it had become one of the most renowned and beautiful places in Asia. The Manchu Emperors of China, whose direct descendant, Pu Yi, is now the head of Manchuria, or Manchukuo, were the architects of its beauty and the makers of its fame. As this article is being written, the Japanese are rapidly establishing control over the province; by the time it is published they will certainly be in possession of the city too.

IN CAPTURED JEHOI: LIFE AND LANDSCAPE IN THE PROVINCE TAKEN FROM CHINA BY THE JAPANESE.



ANOTHER TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN CHINFENG: EVERYDAY LIFE IN A JEHOI TOWN, STRATEGICALLY IMPORTANT, SAID TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY THE JAPANESE WITHOUT FIGHTING.



IN CHAORYANG, WHICH (WITH PEIPIAO) WAS THE STARTING-POINT OF A JAPANESE ADVANCE TO TURN THE CHINESE RIGHT FLANK: A STREET, WITH ONE OF THE TWIN TOWERS.



DIFFICULT TERRAIN FOR THE JAPANESE ADVANCE ON THE CHINESE RIGHT FLANK: A TYPICAL HEADLAND OF SANDSTONE FORMATION BETWEEN PEIPIAO AND CHAORYANG, IN THE PROVINCE OF JEHOI.

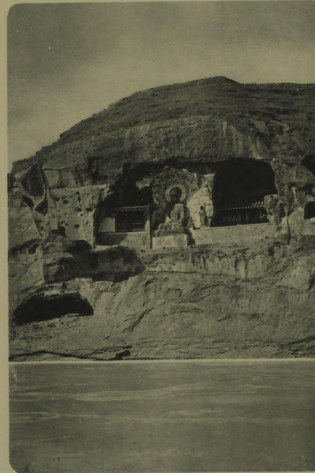
The lie of the land gives little special advantage to defenders as poorly equipped as the Chinese. The main geographical facts are these. First, there is no solid barrier of hills running either east and west, or north and south, and traversable only through key passes, but a series of hills between 2000 and 4000 feet in height, running for the most part north and south. They are intersected by the main tributaries of the western branch of the Liao River, which forms a loop near the north of Jehol, a loop that takes in Tungliao, which is connected by railway with the Peking-Mukden line. Secondly, of these two tributaries, the northern, the Shelimo, flows east



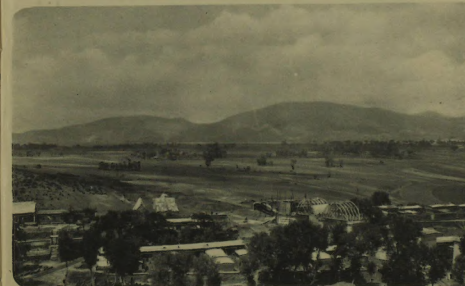
COAL-MINING AT PEIPIAO, WHERE JAPANESE TROOPS ADVANCED INTO THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF JEHOI: CARTS USED AT THE MINE, BEFORE THE RAILWAY WAS CONSTRUCTED THERE.

and west, and through its valley runs a camel road, of which the Japanese could obtain immediate possession from the Tungliao railway line. Thirdly, the southern tributary, or Lao Ho (Old River), with its source near Jehol, runs past Chihfeng (or Hata) north-east to join the main river just inside Jehol's north-eastern border. Thus the Japanese had no difficulty in penetrating the north of Jehol, outflanking the hills, and deploying south. Nor had they any difficulty in penetrating the south-eastern corner of Jehol, for here a branch of the Peking-Mukden railway runs up to the coal-mining centre of Peipiao, thus exposing Chaoyang, which stands in the valley of the Taling River; while

(Continued above on right.)



RELIGIOUS MONUMENTS IN AN AREA OF RECENT FIGHTING: A ROCK-CUT HILL TEMPLE BETWEEN PEIPIAO AND NANLING WITH A GIGANTIC STATUE.



A DISTANT VIEW OF THE FOOTHILLS ENCLAVING THE APPROACHES TO JEHOI ATTACKED BY THE JAPANESE: A DISTRICT IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF PEIPIAO IN THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE PROVINCE.



WATER TRANSPORT NEAR THE CAPTURED TOWN OF CHINFENG: A FERRY TAKING A HORSE AND CART, WITH PASSENGERS, ACROSS THE LAO RIVER, HERE ABOUT A MILE WIDE.

another valley makes accessible the coal-mining district south of Chaoyang, whence run two roads, one south-west to Jehol, the other due south to the Great Wall, north of Shanhaikuan. Doubtless, the Japanese will find Jehol's coal valuable. According to their figures there are over 1200 million metric tons there, Manchuria's coal deposits being estimated at another 1450 million metric tons. Japan herself is, relatively speaking, poor both in coal and iron ore. Her coal, if drawn upon at the same rate as the United States, would last her not more than twenty-five years. Her iron ore, if used at the same rate, would be exhausted in two years. Manchuria's supply of iron is estimated at 700 million metric tons. In view of their rapidly increasing population (now in the neighbourhood of 67 millions, whereas in 1921 it was under 59 millions), the Japanese regard all this potential wealth as essential to them. The Chinese, who have been emigrating into Jehol and Manchuria by the million, wanted it too. Since 1925 their emigration had been accompanied by railway construction on a plan which not only threatened the prosperity of the Japanese South Manchuria Railway, but also threatened that of Dairen, and would have given China control over the produce of Jehol. For in 1927 she completed a line linking Tungliao with Tahaunan, a line which would have tapped much of the produce of north-western Manchuria, and all the produce of Jehol, before

(Continued below.)



ROUGH-AND-READY METHODS OF A ROADSIDE BLACKSMITH IN JEHOI: SHOEING A HORSE—LYING ON THE GROUND APPARENTLY HOBLED TO A POST, WITH THE HOOF FASTENED TO A TRELLIS.

it could reach the South Manchuria line, and furthermore, by means of the southern portion of the Peking-Mukden Railway, would have carried it to Huluto, a splendid deep-water port on the western side of the Gulf of Pechihli. With the building of this line and the development of this port, all who knew Manchuria and Jehol, and the Tom Tiddler character of their history, knew that big trouble was coming. For Japan had already fought two wars, one with China and one with Russia, to secure strategic and economic control over South Manchuria, and since 1915 had quite clearly shown that she had her eye upon the possibilities of Jehol too. In these great affairs, however, as in smaller, no man is the wiser for his learning, and none can say whether recent events form the end of a chapter, or the beginning of a long and more disturbing one.

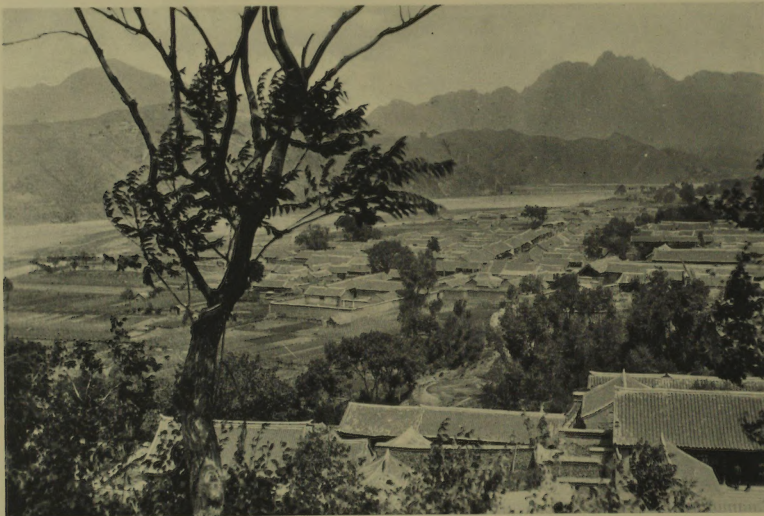
JAPAN'S NEW ACQUISITION IN THE FAR EAST: THE PROVINCE OF JEHO— MOUNTAIN RANGES; PICTURESQUE BUILDINGS AND MONUMENTS.

THE COUNTRY SURROUNDING THE CAPITAL CITY OF JEHO: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE MOUNTAINOUS CHARACTER OF THE LANDSCAPE IN THE DISTANCE.

IT was announced in a message from Tokyo, on March 5, that on the previous day the Japanese troops had entered unopposed the city of Jehol (otherwise known as Chengteh or Chengtefu), the capital of Jehol Province. The Chinese defenders, including the Governor of the Province, Tang Yulin (a portrait of whom appears on our Personal page), had begun the evacuation of the city a few days earlier, and had retired towards the Great Wall. Japanese troops went in pursuit (Continued on right.)



MONUMENTS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CAPITAL: LARGE STONE FIGURES OF LIONS ON AN EMINENCE COMMANDING A WIDE VIEW OF THE COUNTRY.



THE PICTURESQUE CAPITAL OF JEHO RECENTLY OCCUPIED, UNOPPOSED, BY THE JAPANESE: A GENERAL VIEW OF JEHO CITY, ALSO KNOWN AS CHENGTEH OR CHENGTEFU.



IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF JEHO CITY: TYPICAL ROOFS AND (IN THE BACKGROUND) THE DRY RIVER-BED OF THE LAN, WITH MOUNTAINS BEYOND.



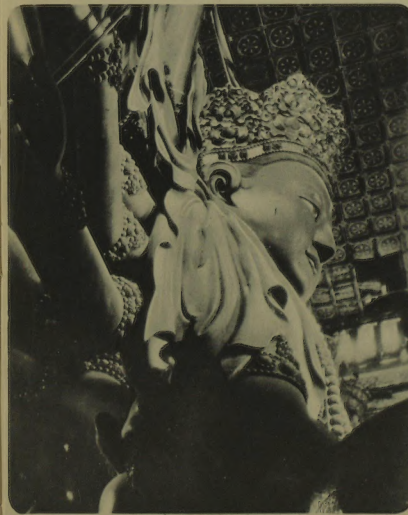
TYPICAL HILL COUNTRY IN THE PROVINCE OF JEHO, NOW IN THE OCCUPATION OF THE JAPANESE: BARE MOUNTAIN RANGES AND CRAGGY RAVINES.

of the Chinese, and approached the Wall. The gate at Halfengkou was captured. Meanwhile, in other parts of the province, Manchukuo forces co-operating with the Japanese also made a successful advance, and in one locality it was reported, 5000 Chinese were disarmed. A statement issued by the Japanese naval authorities seemed to show that operations in the province of Jehol were regarded as virtually completed. News from Peking received at the same time stated that, in official circles there, it was admitted that the Chinese forces in Jehol had taken to flight, leaving the capital and other important centres in the possession of the Japanese. A warrant had been issued for the arrest of Tang Yulin, who was held mainly responsible for the failure of the defence. He was alleged to have caused assistance to be given to the invaders, and also to have seized a fleet of army trucks, at a critical time, in (Continued above on right.)

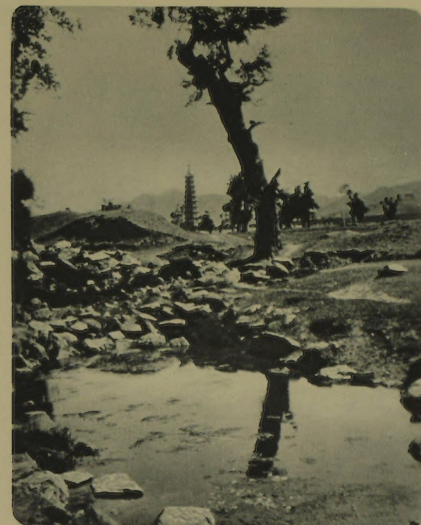


DIFFICULTIES FOR TRANSPORT ON THE APPROACHES TO JEHO CITY: A ROUGH TRAIL, IMPASSABLE IN THE RAINY SEASON, WITH CARS IN THE BACKGROUND.

(Continued.) order to have his personal property conveyed safely to Peking. The Chinese authorities, it was added, had closed the passes in the Great Wall, to prevent disorderly elements from entering the plains. Later news from Tokyo, on March 6, stated that the advance of the Japanese had been extremely rapid, and that their casualties officially reported to date were only one killed and 31 wounded. Our illustrations show typical features of the landscape in Japan's newly acquired territory. Regarding that of the Potala (Continued on right.)



THE MANY-ARMED GOD, SHIVA, IN THE TEMPLE OF THE TEE KUNG AT JEHO: A FIGURE OVER 100 FT. HIGH, BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN CARVED FROM ONE TREE.



THE HOT SPRING FROM WHICH JEHO (MEANING "HOT RIVER") IS SAID TO TAKE ITS NAME: A VIEW SHOWING (CENTRE BACKGROUND) A TALL PAGODA TOWER.



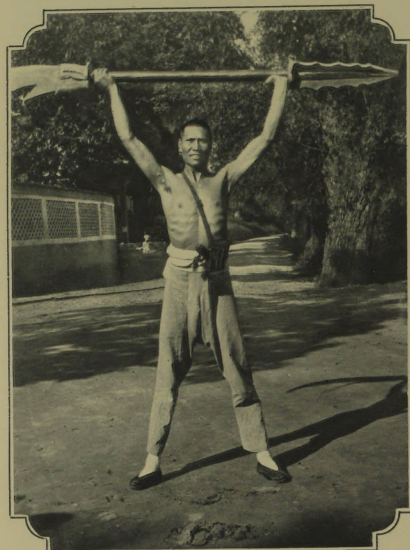
THE POTALA MONASTERY AT JEHO: A HISTORIC BUILDING CLAIMED TO RESEMBLE THE RESIDENCE OF THE DALAI LAMA ON THE POTALA HILL IN LHASA.

monastery, we may recall that a full description of this and other temple buildings at the captured capital is to be found in Dr. Sven Hedin's book, "Jehol, City of Emperors," reviewed in our last issue. Jehol City, which he calls "the Fontainebleau of China," is 114 miles from Peking, and was formerly the summer residence of the great Manchu Emperors, Kang-hai and Ch'ien-lung. The Potala monastery is described in the book as being the "noblest of religious monuments from the last period of China's greatness."



ON THE WAY FROM PEKING TO JEHO—FORMERLY THE SUMMER HOME OF THE MANCHU EMPERORS OF CHINA: A ROUGH ROAD WINDING THROUGH ENDLESS MOUNTAIN RANGES.

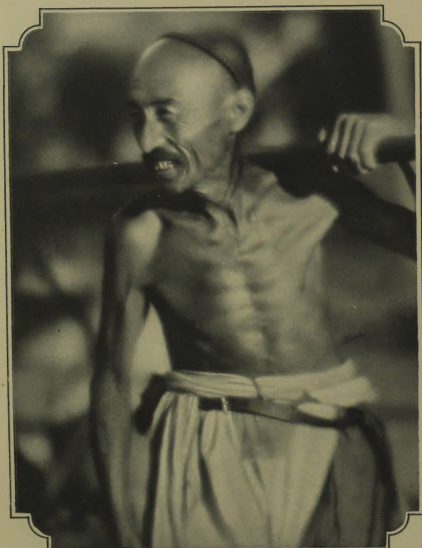
THE FUNDAMENTAL CHINA—UNHURRYING, ROOTED IN ITS PEASANTRY.



THE FINE PHYSIQUE OF A CHINESE WARRIOR: A STALWART MEMBER OF GENERAL TSANG-TSO-LIN'S BODYGUARD.



A PLAYER WHOSE EXPRESSION SEEMS TO INDICATE INTENSE CONCENTRATION ON HER LINES: A CHINESE ACTRESS.



GRINNING AND CHEERFUL IN SPITE OF THE BURDEN HE HAS TO BEAR: A CHINESE COOLIE, TYPICAL OF HIS KIND.



A FINE OLD FACE, WEATHER-BEATEN AND KINDLY: AN OLD CHINESE WITH AN UMBRELLA—OR, MAYBE, A SUN-SHADE.

"The unchanging East" is a glib and hackneyed phrase, but these fine photographs give it a meaning. In spite of revolutions and civil wars and international disputes, Chinese civilisation stands on the same basis as it has since time immemorial—a massive, unhurrying society rooted in its peasantry. These pages afford a glimpse of many old-established facets of Chinese life—the ceremony of greeting; the patient endurance of poverty; the undisturbed tranquillity of religious devotion; and, in the



COURTESY AND CEREMONY IN A LAND THAT IS FAMOUS FOR BOTH: NEW YEAR GREETINGS AT THE FRONT DOOR.



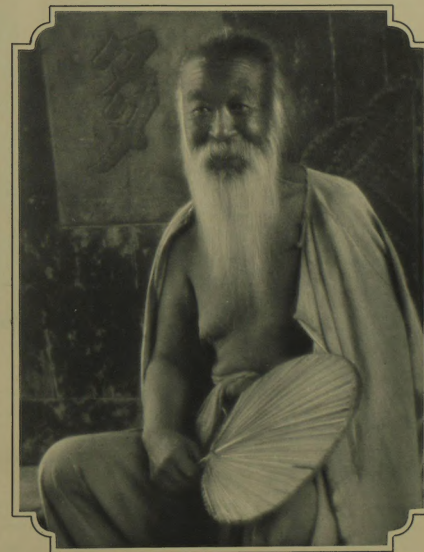
ONE WHO SEEMS FREED FROM THE CARES OF THE WORLD: A TAOIST MONK ABSORBED IN HIS MEDITATIONS.

top-left photograph, a hint of the civil strife that has threatened, so far in vain, to undermine all these. Even the present fighting in Jehol and the administrative changes that must follow it are not likely to alter fundamentals. Mr. Matsuo, pleading Japan's cause at Geneva, urged that the China of to-day has no constituted Government supreme and able to govern; but it is as patent as ever that what he would term "fictional" China remains a China of age-old facts.

TYPES FROM THE "YELLOW REPUBLIC": FROM COOLIE TO PRIEST.



A LITTLE SOMETHING TO KEEP THE COLD OUT IS PLEASANT IN CHILLY WINTER DAYS: AN OLD CHINESE AT THE "COOK-SHOP."



GUARDIAN AT THE GATES OF THE WHITE PAGODA TEMPLE: A GENIAL SOCRATES OF THE EAST.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN the ancient world several Greek cities competed for the honour of having produced Homer. Similarly, different regions to-day are claimed by their archaeological champions to be either the birthplace of Homo Sapiens or the "cradle" of his civilisation. Every excavator who "enjoys an interment" naturally assumes that his spade has delved deepest into human history. The home of man or his culture has been variously located, I believe, in Mesopotamia, Egypt, Syria, India, and the Gobi Desert. Possibly, however, the sapient fellow may have given them all the Gobi! If Piltown affords evidence of his early arrival in Sussex, he might equally well have emerged in Middlesex, and I like to think that he might even prove to have been a neighbour of mine, urn-buried long centuries ago at Golders Green.

The remote past is linked up with the present, and its outlook on the future, in a book that bears closely on British interests in the East, namely, "INCOMPARABLE INDIA." Tradition; Superstition; Truth. By Colonel Robert J. Blackham. With Foreword by Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood, Bt., Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge. With fifty-six Illustrations (Sampson Low; 12s. 6d.) Many books about India have come my way in recent years, but I know of none that gives the general reader a more attractive picture of the Indian scene in all its manifold complexity. The author writes from intimate knowledge, acquired through long experience, which he imparts in a vivacious narrative, plentifully besprinkled with poetic quotations, ranging from Isaiah to Kipling. His work as Secretary of the St. John Ambulance Association, which during the war he afterwards developed into India's first Red Cross Society, took him many times to all parts of India, and gave him "unique opportunities of seeing the life of Indian people in all its phases." He brings an unfailing sympathy to the discussion of conflicting faiths, diverse races, and curious social customs in the vast sub-continent.

In touching on historical events since the break-up of the Mogul empire, and on modern political problems, Colonel Blackham stresses the immense debt of India to Britain. "On the solution of these problems may depend, he says (quoting some unnamed authority) "not merely the permanence of the connection between the Indian and the British peoples, but also in no small measure the future peace of the world," for a satisfactory solution may mitigate or entirely avert "the impending struggle between East and West." In conclusion, he cites some significant words uttered ten years ago by Mrs. Annie Besant. "To break the British connection," she said, "would mean not Freedom but only a change of masters, for Japan is armed cap-à-pie, her population is overcrowded and needs an outlet; India, at present, cannot defend herself alone, and Japan would seize the hour of her weakness. . . . Without India, Britain would fall from her position as the greatest of World-Powers, while with India, and possibly re-linked with the United States in close alliance, she would lead forward the evolution of Humanity for centuries to come." Colonel Blackham adds that he does not associate himself with Mrs. Besant's remarks regarding Japan, but feels that the general trend of her advice should be carefully studied.

The wonderful discoveries in the Indus Valley (described and illustrated in our pages at the time by Sir John Marshall, Director-General of Archaeology in India) "have led Indians to claim," says Colonel Blackham, "that the Vedic civilisation is the oldest in the world . . . and that though the younger civilisations of Babylonia, Assyria, Phœnicia, and Egypt have passed away, India still remains because she has made the culture of the soul the supreme object and the guiding principle of her life." Regarding the undeciphered pictographic script on seals found at Harappa, and akin to Sumerian seals from Ur, the author recalls that the Indus script is also remarkably like the mysterious form of writing discovered on Easter Island, especially in the use of the swastika. To those of us who live by the pen, the origin of the craft is a

matter of deep interest, and I pass now to a book that sheds much light on it and other pioneer arts of Homo Sapiens in his pristine days.

The story of those basic handicrafts by which man grew into a civilised being is admirably told on popular scientific lines in "EARLY STEPS IN HUMAN PROGRESS." By Harold Peake, F.S.A. With seventy-four Illustrations (Sampson Low; 12s. 6d.). The author offers his book as an attempt to satisfy that "curiosity" which, he declares, "causes many to wonder how there arose the varied elements that go to make up our civilisation." Curiosity is certainly a common motive, but generally directed, I fear, towards trivial matters. Mr. Blank, of Golders Green, for instance, while breakfasting, reading the paper, lighting his pipe, or proceeding to the office by Tube or bus, probably seldom reflects on the origin of bread-making and cookery, the discovery of fire, the invention of writing and printing, or the first use of the wheel. He misses much by his indifference, and I hope, for Mr. Peake's sake as well as his own, that he will learn to appreciate their fascination. Anyhow, Mr. Peake writes in a way likely to stimulate such curiosity in the most general of readers. He has the rare faculty of treating learned themes with a light touch and bringing in familiar allusions. Thus, regarding the origin of cookery, he finds a scientific basis for Charles Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig."

source of interest in that delectable land, besides its association with Francis Thompson, if I could have read then "THE FLINT MINERS OF BLACKPATCH." By J. H. Pull. With a Foreword by Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.S. Illustrated (Williams and Norgate; 10s. 6d.). Here are the fruits of eight years' digging and research at a lonely spot on the Downs, conducted by a young ex-Service man, in the intervals of earning a living. Mr. Pull and a companion discovered and excavated an ancient flint-mine, and (to quote Sir Arthur Keith) "collected evidence which permits a reconstruction of the life led by a community of men, women and children who made Blackpatch their home some 3500 years ago." The book is both an original contribution to English pre-history and an object-lesson of enthusiasm in pursuit of an absorbing hobby.

Interesting as are the relics of the past unearthed from immemorial soil, even greater romance and mystery surrounds those emanating from a vast civilisation lost beneath the ocean, as described in "THE PROBLEM OF LEMURIA": the Sunken Continent of the Pacific. By Lewis Spence, author of "The Problem of Atlantis." Illustrated (Rider; 10s. 6d.). I am ashamed to say that until I came across this book I had never heard of Lemuria—at least by that name. "It was given to the vanished continent," we are told, "by Philip Lutley Sclater, the naturalist, in the belief that within its area the Lemurs, or lemuroid type of animal, were evolved." The author sets out a great mass of evidence for the former existence of such a continent, based on traditions and legends, archaeological discoveries, racial types, art and customs, and facts drawn from geology and biology. Incidentally, there is much information here about the above-mentioned script of Easter Island. American readers will be interested in the alleged cultural links between the lost continent and their own, as represented, according to the author, in the Inca monuments of Peru and the early civilisation of Mexico.

To Biblical students, archaeological research in the Near East is a matter of great significance, and for their benefit was designed a series of useful little handbooks known as "The Ancient Lands and the Bible." To this series, which began with a volume on Palestine, has now been added a second—namely, "EGYPT." By W. H. Boulton. Illustrated (Sampson Low; 3s. 6d.). Within its limits of size, the book could hardly be more than an introduction to a great subject, but it fulfils satisfactorily its particular purpose—that is, to answer such questions as: "How do the two records of the Bible and archaeology compare? Do they agree in their story or are they at variance? Do they help each other?" In many respects, of course, archaeology has confirmed Biblical tradition.

In most archaeological excavations that I can recall there have been pathetic relics of childhood, either in the form of children's graves or of objects which had evidently belonged to little boys and girls of long ago. Not only the remote past, but the more recent past, in the story of childish things throughout the ages, is represented in a large and very sumptuously pictured volume, entitled "CHILDREN'S TOYS OF BYGONE DAYS." A History of Playthings of all Peoples from Prehistoric Times to the 19th Century. By Karl Gröber. English version by Philip Hereford. New and cheaper edition, with 320 illustrations, including many in colour (Batsford; 12s. 6d.). In view of its lavish scale and excellent quality on the pictorial side, not to mention the historical interest of the author's commentary, this work appears to me to be remarkably cheap. Considering the great popular attraction of such exhibits as the Queen's Doll's House, there should be a big public for a volume which, in like manner, appeals to the universal love of children and their ways.—C. E. B.



A PICTURE BEQUEATHED TO THE NATION BY LORD DILLON: THE FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH; FROM THE DINING-ROOM AT DITCHLEY, ENSTONE.



BEQUEATHED TO THE NATION BY LORD DILLON, WHO DIED LAST DECEMBER: A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF KING CHARLES I. AS A YOUTH, WEARING THE GARTER ROBES.

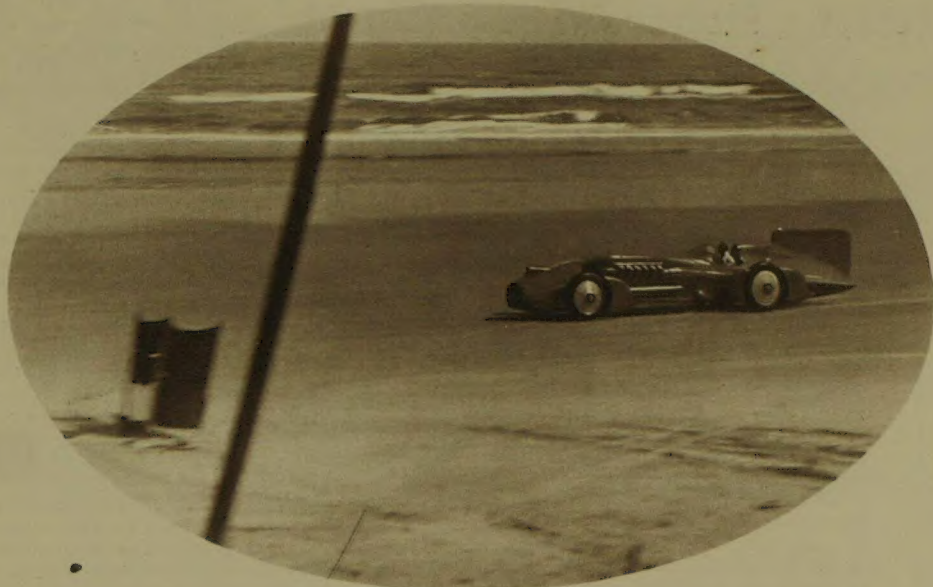
The two pictures reproduced on this page are among the portraits of English Sovereigns offered to the National Portrait Gallery under the will of Viscount Dillon, of Ditchley, Enstone, Oxfordshire. The bequest also includes a portrait of Catherine of Braganza in Portuguese dress, and the portrait, by Lely, of the Duchess of Cleveland as the Madonna.

From Prints courteously lent by Sir Robert Witt, C.B.E.

In his chapter on the invention of writing, Mr. Peake recalls that the scribe's craft has a very respectable pedigree, for certain pictographic tablets found at Ur and Kish, in Mesopotamia, date from before the Flood, and from some centuries earlier than 4000 B.C. Thus we must credit the Sumerians with the introduction of the earliest known method of writing. Centuries passed, however, before it developed into anything resembling our own system. "It seems likely," says Mr. Peake, "that it is to the Cretans that we must attribute the first use of an alphabet . . . at the present time all the literate people in the world, except the Chinese and the Japanese, use alphabets derived from the one that we believe was first developed in Crete." I see no reference to the Phœnician and other scripts discovered recently at Ras Shamra, in Syria, but it is suggested that traditions concerning the early Phœnicians probably refer to the islanders of Crete and the Cyclades rather than to people of the coastal cities of Syria.

As a pendant to Mr. Peake's chapters on prehistoric man's weapons and implements, I should like to commend a book which indicates that we need not travel far from home to study the industries of our early ancestors. When I stayed a few summers ago at Storrington, and tramped the Downs towards Worthing, I should have had another

NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY: DISASTERS—AND A GREAT TRIUMPH.



THE "BLUE BIRD" BREAKING THE LAND-SPEED RECORD AT DAYTONA: SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL PASSING THE TIMING TOWER AT 270 M.P.H.

We here reproduce two notable photographs taken when Sir Malcolm Campbell broke the world's land-speed record at Daytona Beach with a speed of 272.108 m.p.h. In the first (southward) run over the measured mile he reached 273.556. He afterwards said he was disappointed at not making 300 m.p.h. It was a terrible ride. Visibility was poor, and the flying sand made the two runs like a blind dash. "It was the worst ride I ever had in my life," he is reported as saying.



AFTER A COLLISION WITH A BRITISH VESSEL OFF THE HOOK OF HOLLAND: THE DANISH MOTOR-FREIGHTER "BRETAGNE" HALF UNDER WATER.

This photograph illustrates a recent marine mishap which occurred just off the Hook of Holland—the entrance to the great canal which leads to Rotterdam, a waterway constantly thronged by shipping. The Danish motor-freighter "Bretagne" is seen with tugs standing by her after she had collided with the British steamer "Red Sea" off the Hook of Holland. Both ships were badly damaged; and the "Bretagne" had to be beached to save her from sinking.



THE OMAGH TRAIN OUTRAGE: CARRIAGES DERAILED AFTER THE POINTS HAD BEEN TAMPERED WITH.

A most serious instance of sabotage, and one of several marking the strike of railwaymen in Northern Ireland, occurred on March 2, when the points outside Omagh were tampered with, and, as a consequence, the train from Belfast to Omagh was derailed. Thirty people were injured. The driver, noticing that the points were wrongly set, applied the brakes. The engine and tender passed the points, but the carriage next to it fell over, and a number of carriages left the rails and fell down an embankment.



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL, AFTER BREAKING THE LAND-SPEED RECORD IN SPITE OF ADVERSE CONDITIONS, IS CHAIRED BY HIS MECHANICS.



THE "AVALANCHE" MISHAP ON THE MACHYNLLETH-BARMOUTH LINE: THE ENGINE AND TENDER AFTER FALLING 100 FT. DOWN A CLIFF.

On March 4, the engine of a G.W.R. passenger train from Machynlleth to Barmouth was struck by a fall of cliff, and hurled down on to the beach 100 ft. below. The driver and fireman were killed. Fortunately, the engine coupling broke, so that the carriages were left standing on the track. There was only one passenger in the train. The driver and fireman were trapped in the engine, which was half-buried in sand. Masses of earth blocked the line and the roadway which runs above and parallel with it.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

MR. WILLIAM FAULKNER is an interesting author, but to read him with relish one needs more than ordinarily strong nerves. "Sanctuary" was a nightmare story; and "Light in August," though its finale is written in the major key, contains a great deal of matter that the

he manufactured was famous, he himself remained almost anonymous—an enigma and a challenge to the curious. Mr. Morley—or, rather, his deputy, Hubbard—accepts the challenge and solves the enigma. Clues are followed up; the past is ransacked for its secrets; little by little the life of Richard Roe is pieced together. In the process Mr. Morley gives us a brilliant picture of the ardours and endurance of a New York business man.

In these days a problem novel is almost as rare as a problem picture. The modern view is well expressed by a character in one of Mr. C. H. B. Kitchin's stories: "Life has a great many details, but no problems." Mr. Gideon Clark, who is also in many ways a child of his age, does not agree. "The Bride" abounds in problems, and it can hardly be read except in a partisan spirit. The youthful hero, Henry Sangwin, is dissatisfied with his job as clerk in the "Metropolitan" offices; he has a gift for writing poetry, and wants to make the most of it. Fledgett, Sangwin's mentor, an ardent unbeliever, aids and abets the young man in breaking free; but before he can avail himself of Fledgett's kindness, a more attractive alternative presents itself. Catherine offers him her heart and her fortune—not her hand, for both she and Sangwin felt that marriage was a mistake. As time goes on Sangwin becomes confirmed in rationalism, but Catherine moves in the other direction. Her reception into the Roman Church brings the story to a crisis. Mr. Clark presents the religious

get his main idea (or what is described on the jacket as his main idea) "over." It is suggested that little Peter's attitude towards the world war changes from pleased excitement to something like horror; but, though we are given instances of this, they do not seem to imply a complete change of heart. In other respects, particularly for its presentation of the relationship between Peter and his brother and sister, and between him and other boys, the story deserves high praise. It is original, unaffected, and at times extremely moving. Had the author possessed a consistent sense of unity and development he would have written a really good novel.

"Stallion" is "strong stuff" about the English countryside. Jim Devoke is fond of his wife, Ursula, and his large family of daughters; but he looks forward to taking "the Pride" on its rounds, because of the freedom it gives him from domestic ties. He is, as the French say, *très homme*, and, like the stallion in his charge, he is anxious to prove his virility. But Tamar is no ordinary light-o'-love; there is something hurtful and vindictive in her nature, and Jim, goaded to madness by her evil humours, throws vitriol at her. His wife takes pity on the wretched, disfigured girl and gives her the shelter of her own home, thereby alienating her daughters and most of her neighbours. It is a queer tale, told with a good deal of power. Miss Steen has not read Mr. D. H. Lawrence for nothing, but she is not the poet that he is.

"Rahab and Rachel" begins with a marriage arranged between an Englishman and a German girl on the eve of the European War. Fräulein von Mackensen, who is staying with her fiancé's family, bitterly resents the attitude of some members of the house-party; she breaks off her engagement with Christopher, returns to Germany, and soon after marries her cousin, Rudolph. During the

war the two men meet in an air encounter; Christopher shoots down Rudolph's aeroplane, maiming him for life. Christopher's restlessness continues long after the war; and the remainder of the tale is concerned with telling how at last he achieved happiness. His pleasant and intimate relationship with his father, a very sympathetically drawn character, is one of the best features of Mr. Foster's story.

Historical novels are usually long-drawn-out affairs, covering

many years. Mr. Booth Tarkington contents himself with practically a single episode—a very odd episode, which brings together the most diverse characters. Some Quakers and some Bright Young People of the day (one of them a French nobleman) meet at a farm in the middle of a moor called Wanton Mally; both parties are fugitives from justice, though for entirely different reasons. The whole incident, with its bewildering changes of plan, its tricks and deceptions, might have been a theme for farce. Mr. Tarkington, however, succeeds in making it romantic and exciting. The tale is slight and highly improbable, but it has atmosphere; even the deserted, fog-bound moor seems to belong to the reign of Charles II.

Good short stories are rare; the more warmly, therefore, do we welcome "Vagabond Flag" and its attendant tales. Essex Brooke's motto might be "Women and Children First"; her men are much less distinctly drawn. They are powerful, unaccountable beings, capable of producing

(Continued on page 366.)

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Light in August. By William Faulkner. (Chatto and Windus; 8s. 6d.)
Human Being. By Christopher Morley. (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)
The Bride. By Gideon Clark. (Grayson and Grayson; 7s. 6d.)
Tip-toe on a Hill. By T. P. Wood. (Rich and Cowan; 7s. 6d.)
Stallion. By Marguerite Steen. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
Rahab and Rachel. By George C. Foster. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.)
Wanton Mally. By Booth Tarkington. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Vagabond Flag. By Essex Brooke. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
Murder Must Advertise. By Dorothy L. Sayers. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
The Motor Rally Mystery. By John Rhode. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
Dead Man's Alibi. By Leonard Hollingworth. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)
Why Shoot a Butler? By Q. Patrick. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)
The Metal Box. By Thomas Cobb. (Benn; 7s. 6d.)

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

tender-hearted or the squeamish would be well advised to skip. Mr. Faulkner is in the vanguard of modern novelists, but in one respect he is rather old-fashioned. He believes strongly in Evil; wickedness stalks through his book, we feel its cold breath all round us. In fact, it would not be fanciful to see in "Light in August" a parable of the struggle between Good and Evil: Good being represented by Byron Bunch and his selfless solicitude for Lena Grove, the unmarried mother whom a queer twist of fate had committed to his charge; and Evil by the sinister Christmas—the white man with a tinge of negro blood, who murdered his mistress and was killed like a rat in a trap. But perhaps "struggle" is not the right word; the two cases are parallel, they never join issue; what Mr. Faulkner draws our attention to is the contrast between the two men. Byron was a nonentity; yet the accident of birth or environment had given him an untroubled temperament; he was utterly single-hearted; if in his perplexity he sought advice from the Rev. Mr. Hightower (that strange clergyman), it was only to find out how he could best serve Lena's interests. His nature was devoid of conflict. Christmas's whole life, from earliest childhood, had been one long conflict—conflict between the black and white strains in him, conflict between his own desires and the Puritan inhibitions implanted by his fanatical adoptive father. Christmas is a psychological case, and while we shudder at him we cannot but feel sorry for him. In many ways "Light in August" is a dreadful story. It is so full of ferocious cruelty that to read it is like walking on red-hot ploughshares; but it has an undertone of pity and hopefulness which makes it, though a less complete work of art than "Sanctuary," a bigger and more important book.

"Human Being," another good novel, also hails from America. Mr. Christopher Morley is a very finished artist, and he has never displayed his art to better advantage than in his last book. To some it may be matter for regret that he has abandoned the fantasy and whimsicality which gave such an individual flavour (say) to "Thunder on the Left." His hero is an ordinary man, as his name, Richard Roe, indicates; his only claim to be considered romantic is the fact that he had passed unnoticed in the crowd of New York business men; nobody knew much about him. Though the stationery

issues with force. "The Bride" is a very able story which should add to his reputation.



MISS DOROTHY L. SAYERS,

Author of "Murder Must Advertise," a crime story in an advertising-agency setting.

"Tip-toe on a Hill" is a first novel, and, unlike many first novels, it bears all the marks of being one. Its slight naïveté and amateurishness are not grave defects; what is perhaps more serious is the author's failure to



MISS MARGUERITE STEEN,

Author of "Stallion," a new novel dealing with the English countryside.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN MALTA: THE IMJAR STONE AGE SANCTUARY.

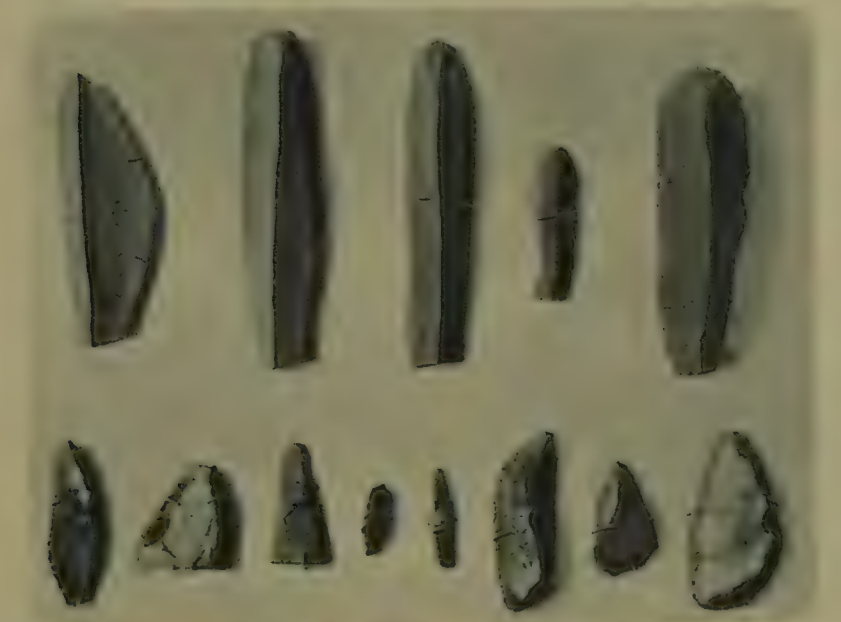
PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY CHARLES G. ZAMMIT, ASSISTANT TO THE ARCHEOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE VALLETTA MUSEUM, MALTA.



NEOLITHIC POTTERY FROM THE IMJAR SANCTUARY: SPECIMENS IN A FAIR STATE OF PRESERVATION, RESEMBLING OTHER STONE AGE POTTERY FOUND IN MALTA.



POTSHERDS FROM THE IMJAR SANCTUARY, HAVING A BLACK SURFACE INLAID WITH A WHITE PASTE: EXAMPLES OF A DIFFERENT TECHNIQUE.



RELICS OF STONE AGE INDUSTRY IN MALTA: FLINT IMPLEMENTS FROM THE IMJAR SANCTUARY—(TOP ROW) FLINT KNIVES; (SECOND ROW) BORERS.

This Megalithic ruin recently excavated in Malta is of exceptional interest. It is of the Stone Age period and consists of three almost circular rooms grouped in the form of an Ace of Clubs. During the Bronze Age it was enlarged and probably put to a slightly different use. The original entrance of the main building, reached by three shallow but wide steps, is a covered passage-way, over which one of the huge horizontal blocks of stone is still in position. The façade, semi-circular in shape, is unusually fine, being built of hard crystalline slabs some 8 ft. high. The passage-way and the three deep apses were originally paved with large thick flagstones. Close to the main ruin is another but smaller replica of it, constructed of smaller stones with floors of beaten earth.



A MEGALITHIC SANCTUARY OF THE STONE AGE PLANNED IN THE FORM OF AN ACE OF CLUBS: TWO OF THE APSSES OF THE IMJAR SANCTUARY IN MALTA.



THE COVERED PASSAGE INTO THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE IMJAR SANCTUARY: A VIEW SHOWING ONE OF THE HUGE HORIZONTAL BLOCKS STILL IN POSITION.



ONE OF THE APSSES IN THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE IMJAR SANCTUARY, ORIGINALLY PAVED WITH LARGE THICK FLAGSTONES: MEGALITHIC ARCHITECTURE IN MALTA.

The main building was certainly used as a sanctuary towards the end of the Stone Age, for numerous Neolithic flint implements and potsHERDS were found. Some are shown in the accompanying photographs. Although the smaller building yielded no metal implements, the pottery found there was all of a late type, inferior in quality, and quite different in technique from the well-known Maltese Stone Age pottery. The illustrations show clearly the nature of the earlier building and the difference between the sherds collected from the two sites. Unfortunately, these buildings have been reduced to almost complete ruins in the course of centuries, and were covered with soil and trees whose powerful roots had displaced and cracked the floors and walls.

BANDJOU OF THE BAMILEKES: "EXTINGUISHED" COUNCILLORS; THE SNOBBERY OF ROOFS.



"TSCHINDAS" OF THE BAMILEKES: INDIVIDUALS WHO CONSTITUTE THE CHIEF'S "PRIVY COUNCIL" LIVE ALONE, AND ARE NOT PERMITTED TO MARRY SO LONG AS THEY ENJOY THEIR MASTERS' FAVOUR.



TWO "COUNCILLORS" OF AN AFRICAN TRIBE IN THEIR ROBES!—BAMILEKE "TSCHINDAS," WHO MUST COVER THEIR FACES WHEN ON A MISSION TAKING THEM OUTSIDE THEIR VILLAGE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "In Bandjou—a large village in the French Cameroons, inhabited by the chief and his people (Bamilekes)—the huts are built close to each other; the height of the hut denoting the wealth of the owner. The Chief of Bandjou is considered a very rich man: he has sixty wives and many treasures, consisting of skins, carved chairs, beaded chairs, vases, and costumes, also large 'pagnes' made of batik. This 'batik' is a material woven by hand, in narrow strips, which are sewn together. The design is then embroidered on it, and the material dipped in indigo dye, after which the embroidery is unpicked, leaving the white design



A NEAR VIEW OF THE FRONT DOOR OF A BANDJOU HOME: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE RESTRICTED ENTRANCE AND TYPICAL FIGURES CARVED AND PAINTED FIGURES.

are small huts containing various drums and belonging to different 'societies.' No one is allowed in unless they are members of that Society. There are no windows to any of the living huts, and the doorways are difficult to negotiate, as they are narrow, and are raised some two feet from the ground. Around the doorway are quaint coloured carvings.



AFRICAN SPLENDOUR UNTOUCHED BY EUROPEAN INFLUENCE: CHIEF TAYO OF BANDJOU ON HIS BEAD-WORK SEAT; BEFORE HANGINGS OF NATIVE BATIK.



CHIEF KENGAM OF BANDJOU: A BAMILEKE GRANDEE WEARING THE CHIEF'S CAP AND A NATIVE "BOUBOU"—BUT EUROPEAN SHOES!

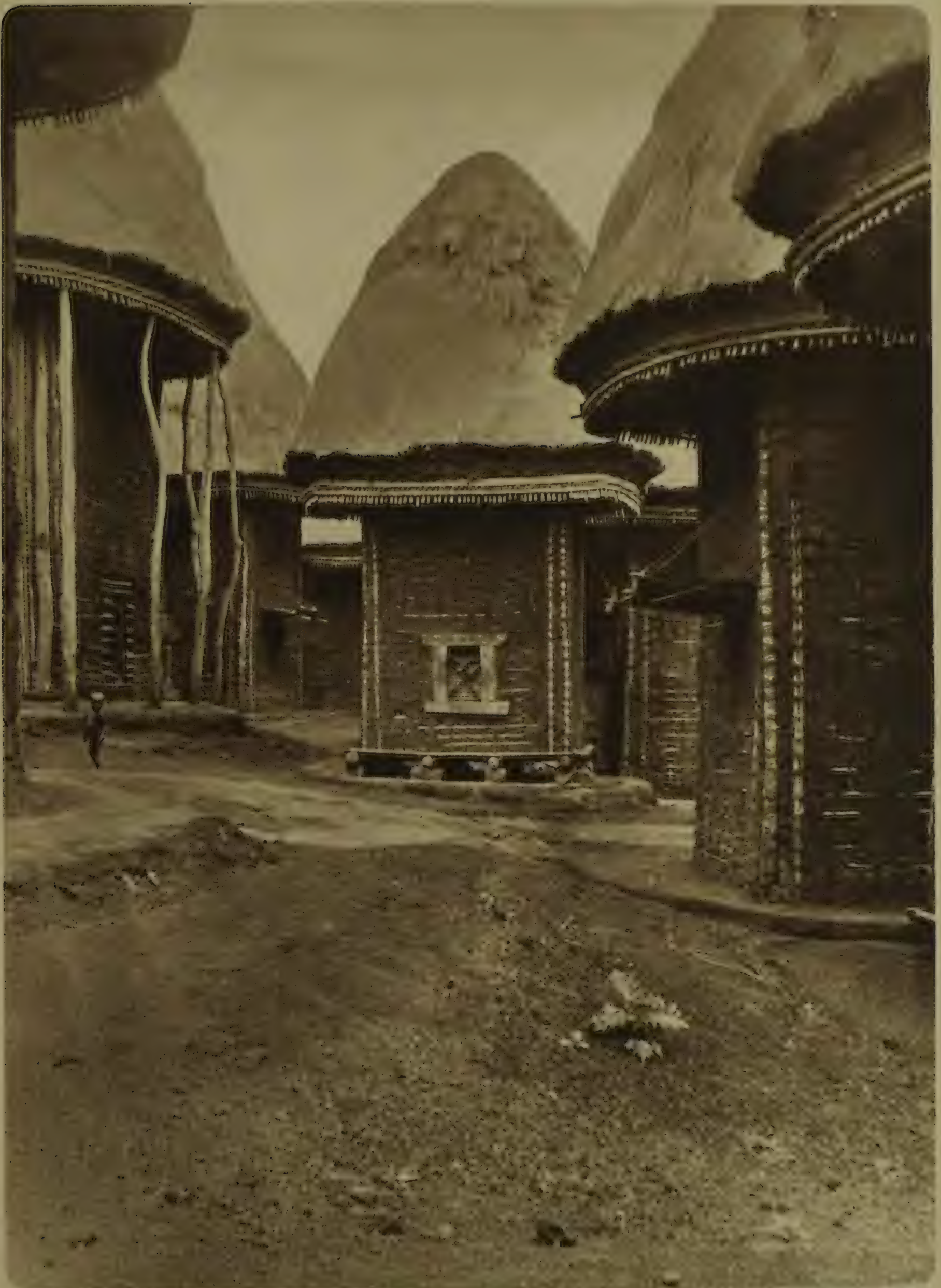
underneath. These 'pagnes,' which the chiefs wear, measure about 6 yards by 2½ yards, and take two years to make. The 'Tschindas' are the Chief's councillors, or superior servants. They must remain single, as long as they enjoy their master's favour. Each one lives in a small hut alone, but they all meet in a very large, dark hut. The chief's mother is the only woman allowed to be present at these meetings. When the Tschindas go on a mission away from the village, they must cover their faces, which makes them look rather like lampshades. A short distance from the village

(Continued above on right.)



POLICEMEN OF ROMANTIC ASPECT: THE ONLY TWO CONSTABLES IN BANDJOU, WHO PUT ON THEIR BEST CLOTHES BEFORE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.

The two men are the only policemen in the village, and are very proud of having their photographs taken—indeed, they have put on their best clothes for the occasion. The Bamileke women are curiously cicatrized. It is a very painful process, which leaves a raised pattern. This is generally started when they become engaged at the age of fifteen; after marriage, it is continued on the chest and stomach. When they become mothers, they have certain designs tattooed on their backs." The Bamilekes, it may be noted in conclusion, are a considerable tribe, inhabiting several villages.



WHERE MEN ARE HOUSE-PROUD INSTEAD OF PURSE-PROUD: LOFTY DWELLINGS IN A BAMILEKE VILLAGE—WHERE THE HEIGHT OF THE HUTS INDICATES THE WEALTH OF THE CHIEFTAINS, WHO ARE SNOBBISH ABOUT THEIR ROOFS.

THE COLOSSUS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"RHODES": By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN.*

(PUBLISHED BY CHATTO AND WINDUS.)

It is appropriate that the most distinguished writer of South Africa should give us the most significant biography of the most remarkable South African personality. This book possesses what most of its predecessors have lacked—a quality of artistic and interpretative imagination; it adds to the historian's industry the artist's sensitiveness. Its literary accomplishment will be taken for granted by all who have read Mrs. Millin's novels; only occasionally is it marred by too facile resort to the artifices of irony. The attitude is, on the whole, impartial, perhaps too studiously, so that when issues come to judgment, nothing but conundrum, in the manner of Pontius Pilate, is offered. General Smuts observes that Rhodes is here "treated objectively like a natural phenomenon, where praise or blame is equally difficult." Is it possible to depict the reality of a remarkable man with quite so much detachment as this? We doubt it, though we fully admit that in many aspects of Rhodes praise or blame is equally difficult, and that the "objective" approach, while sometimes it may seem to shirk a biographer's responsibilities, is infinitely better than the prejudices of partisanship. On the whole, Mrs. Millin's conclusion seems to be contained in the evasive paradox of Meredith with which she introduces her subject: "You worship Rhodes? I would crown him and then scourge him with his crown still on him." Whether or not the crown is to be one of thorns we are left in doubt.

It is thirty-one years since Rhodes died, at the age of forty-eight (three years longer than he expected), having crowded into this brief span achievement of unprecedented variety and moment. In the year 1891 alone, which Mrs. Millin describes as the peak of his existence, the list of his completed tasks is like the accomplishment of an arduous lifetime. He still remains—perhaps more than any other of the Eminent Victorians in whom modern England evinces so much interest—a figure which appeals powerfully to the popular imagination, either by attraction or repulsion. It is extraordinary how many references are daily made to him, and in what different connections, in books and articles and newspapers all over the world. No less abundant are the legends which constantly accumulate round his memory—a fact which inclines us to regard with caution the "private sources" on which Mrs. Millin has freely drawn for her material. And this dramatic quality in Rhodes is not surprising, for his life and character exhibit elements so unusual that they cannot be quickly forgotten by anybody who finds in the works of man something a little more than manly.

Rhodes did not acquire much learning, in the ordinary sense, at Oxford, though what he did acquire he thought worth pursuing for eight years at the most critical time of his life; but he picked up from Aristotle a precept, never abandoned, about the importance of singleness of purpose—"in a full life." In early and apparently unpromising youth, he formed his purpose and it remained single. Rightly or wrongly, he believed profoundly in the mission of the English race—"the greatest people the world has ever seen." At first, his belief took fantastic forms which to Mrs. Millin seem merely ridiculous; and, indeed, nobody is concerned nowadays to defend their extravagance. Subsidiary to the prime purpose of extending British influence, but no less dominant, was the "dream" of South African Union. Never for a moment did Rhodes deviate from these objectives, though in later life he rid them of their immature romanticism, and stiffened racial sentiment with solid economics. It is doubtless true, as Mrs. Millin suggests, that no man can be entirely selfless in acquiring the wealth and power of a Rhodes; yet nobody (except Harcourt and Labouchere)

would maintain, and Mrs. Millin certainly does not maintain, that wealth and power for his own personal sake were the aim of Rhodes's career. "Ideas need money": money was the means and ideas, unwaveringly, the end.

But to-day they are ideas which are suspect, if not reviled. In proportion as nationalism, as a result of the Great War, has grown elsewhere, it has declined in England to a mood of diffidence bordering on paralysis. Rhodes's conception of empire is condemned as mere land-grabbing, exploitation, painting the map red, and Philanthropy plus Five Per Cent.: he is accused of oppressing native tribes and small, independent peoples for the mere sake of territory and dominion and that delusion of Size which Milner said was his besetting foible. Whatever we may think of Britain's destiny to-day, let us remember that the kind of imperialism for which Rhodes lived and died was perfectly consonant with the morality of nations which were "scrambling" for China and Africa, and with the morality of his own nation no less than others. Mrs. Millin, for example, quotes Ruskin's celebrated Inaugural Lecture at Oxford (though she is in error in suggesting that Rhodes heard it, for he was not at Oxford in 1870). Ruskin—surely no Conquistador—did not hesitate to declaim: "She [England] must found colonies as

the earth suffers grievously from the earthy, it has suffered no less, and is suffering at this day no less, from those whose doctrines, merely because they have no relation to reality and humanity, are described and even admired as "ideals." Rhodes was called cynic, as men are usually called who refuse to obscure facts with phrases. He could not have advanced a step if he had not seen circumstances and men as they really were—and, in the South Africa of his day, circumstances and men were no idyll: "and yet he never lost his natural romantic trustfulness," which he showed again and again in men who commanded his confidence and affection. Realism was his indispensable implement, but all that it fashioned would have been dust by now but for the imagination which Mrs. Millin rightly describes as his greatest gift.

Most memorable of all are the strange reversals of this life—its pride, its disaster, its expiation. Never can a life-work have seemed so completely ruined as that of Rhodes after the Jameson Raid. That escapade was, as the *mot* has it, worse than a crime, it was a blunder. In the absurdity of its incompetence, it reduced everybody concerned in it to almost indecent depths of humiliation. That a man of Rhodes's sagacity was party to it can be explained only on two grounds—first, that he was betrayed by his "natural romantic trustfulness" in Jameson, and second, that he "was an urgent man with too little time": and even these are not completely satisfying explanations—still less are they defences—of so huge a folly. Rhodes, as Mrs. Millin observes, paid by far the heaviest penalty: as he had climbed highest, so he fell lowest. Very few years, perhaps very few days, remained to him; a lesser man would have crumpled up and died amidst pity and contempt. Rhodes, by an act as prompt as it was daring, made such atonement as lay within him: it could not undo the mischief of Pitsani, but it did at least restore him to the respect of all who admire courage and strength, and it unquestionably averted much bloodshed and rapine. We think that Mrs. Millin does neither Rhodes nor herself justice when she half-sneers at his intervention in the Second Matabele War. Rhodes, for example, wrote a letter to Harcourt on the eve of his hazardous expedition, a letter which Mrs. Millin compares with the sentimental maunderings of a youthful suicide. We find nothing of this in it. It is a missive of perfect dignity and simplicity, and it only says: You have accused me, and I believe your accusation to be sincere; as I believe this of you, so I ask you to believe that my motives were equally sincere, whatever the indictment to which I have exposed myself. It may be true that personal mediation was the only means of saving his cherished North from ruin—"it was the only course possible; however impractical it might seem, nothing was more practical, nothing else was practical at all." It remains true that it was only a man of great imagination, great courage, and great sense of responsibility who could see that it was the only "practical" course to go, unarmed and almost alone, and "deal with" infuriated savages by sheer authority of character and force of persuasion.

Rhodes's imagination perpetuated itself in his will, but not, in Mrs. Millin's opinion, to any great purpose. Its effect, we are told, has been to produce a number of Oxford-trained "decent fellows" who have enjoyed pleasant advantages which they would not otherwise have enjoyed. This impression is based on imperfect information, and rests on the assumption, for which there is no evidence except that of Jameson, that the testator desired to produce "another Rhodes." Another Rhodes is not possible in the modern British Empire, and there is no hint in the will itself that Rhodes had any such aim. He expressed three objects: (1) to give "young Colonists" the influences which he himself had thought worth eight years of effort; (2) to promote the union of the English-speaking peoples; (3) to guide young men "to esteem the performance of public duties as their highest aim." What are "public duties"? Certainly they are not synonymous with politics, which, in many parts of the world, are starved not by the defects of individuals, but by the fallacies

and abuses of democracy. Had Mrs. Millin inquired more closely, she would have found that there are to-day, scattered all over the world, a goodly number of Rhodes's children who are performing public duties of many different kinds in a manner, and with an achievement, which would not have disappointed their benefactor.—C. K. A.



RHODES BEFORE THE JAMESON RAID INQUIRY COMMITTEE, WHICH DECIDED THAT HE HAD ACTED IN A MANNER INCONSISTENT WITH HIS DUTY AS PRIME MINISTER OF THE CAPE.

In December 1895, while Rhodes was Prime Minister of the Cape, the notorious Jameson Raid on the Transvaal occurred, and Rhodes, who had assisted in its preparations, resigned the Premiership. From then on, he concentrated on the development of Rhodesia. (Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News.")



AT THE RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY: RHODES WELCOMING GENERAL FRENCH.

When the South African War broke out, Rhodes insisted on joining the citizens of Kimberley a day before its siege began. He lived to see victory assured, but died two months before the signing of peace. (Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News.")

fast and as far as she is able, formed of the most energetic and worthiest of men; seizing any fruitful piece of waste ground she can set her foot on, and there teaching her colonists that their chief virtue is to be fidelity to their country, and that their first aim is to be to advance the power of England by land and sea." How would such a declaration of imperial policy be received to-day? Yet in 1870 it was applauded by the whole nation, and, under the influence of Kipling, it continued to be orthodox gospel well into the present century. Since the death of Rhodes, the whole conception and constitution of empire have been changed by historical processes; and we need feel no doubt that if Rhodes were alive to-day his quality of concentration, which this biographer singles out as his chief badge of greatness, would be devoted as ardently to the British Commonwealth of Nations as it was devoted to his North and his Africa.

Another aspect of Rhodes seizes the imagination—his singular, and probably unparalleled, blend of realism and idealism. It is true, as Mrs. Millin says, that we all possess the combination in some degree, that no man is of the one or of the other all compact. But the true balance is rare, and is one of the greatest human qualities. If



THE DEATH-MASK OF CECIL RHODES, WHO DIED OF HEART DISEASE ON MARCH 26, 1902.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Publishers of "Rhodes."

* "Rhodes." By Sarah Gertrude Millin. (Chatto and Windus; 9s. net.)

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



GENERAL TANG YU-LIN, THE CHINESE GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF JEHO.

Said to have evacuated Jehol City a few days before the Japanese occupied it. It was reported that a warrant for his arrest had been issued in China, and there was even a demand for his execution. He was reported to have a very fine body of cavalry under his command.



MR. ROBERT RADFORD.

One of the best-known English basses. Died March 1: aged fifty-eight. Sang at all the principal Festivals since 1906, including the Handel Festival of that year; and at Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and Bristol Festivals.



SIR PHILIP CHETWODE.

Promoted Field-Marshal, in succession to the late Field-Marshal Sir William R. Robertson. In Palestine his force played a great part in the capture of Jerusalem from the Turks. C.-in-C. in India, 1930.



THE LATE SOLOMONI KA DIMIZULU, TITULAR KING OF THE ZULUS.

The titular king of the Zulu nation died from diabetes on March 5. He had seventy wives—according to Zulu custom, though he lived in a European house furnished in the Victorian style. He was born in exile at St. Helena; finally becoming principal chief of the whole nation, 1916.



SIR IAN HAMILTON CHAIRED AFTER HIS INAUGURATION AS RECTOR OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

A vigorous appeal for real disarmament was made by General Sir Ian Hamilton when he was installed as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. He strongly deplored the embargo on the export of arms to the Far East, and indicated the appalling dangers if Disarmament failed.



THE KING SEES HIS FIRST "TALKIE": HIS MAJESTY ARRIVING FOR "THE GOOD COMPANIONS."

The King and Queen visited the New Victoria Theatre on February 28 to see a talking-picture for the first time—the Gaumont-British film of "The Good Companions." After the performance, Mr. Priestley and Mr. Victor Saville, the director of the film, were presented to their Majesties. The King has since incurred a slight cold.



THE DEATH OF MR. CERMAK: THE LATE MAYOR OF CHICAGO IN LONDON.

The Mayor of Chicago died on March 6 from the bullet-wound he received when Zangara attempted to shoot Mr. Roosevelt on February 15. His death was due to gangrenous pneumonia. He was famous for his "cleaning-up" of Chicago, and his fight to stave off the city's bankruptcy.



CAPTAIN A. EDEN.

Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; acting at Geneva in the absence of Sir John Simon. Returned March 4 for instructions; whereupon it was announced that Mr. MacDonald and Sir John Simon would go to Geneva.



MR. C. BOETTCHER.

Was released on March 1, having been kidnapped in Denver seventeen days previously. A ransom of £12,000 was paid on behalf of his father by a friend of the family. Mr. Boettcher had not been harmed and had been well fed.



LADY LINDSAY.

The "snatch-racket" in America has now extended its operations to favourite dogs. Lady Lindsay, wife of the British Ambassador in New York, writes a correspondent, had to pay 500 dollars "ransom" for her pet terrier, with which she is here seen.



MR. A. R. DYER.

Chief Officer of the London Fire Brigade since 1919. Relinquishing his command at the end of March. He has served for twenty-eight years with the Brigade. He is fifty-five.



MR. L. C. B. BOWKER.

Elected City Remembrancer, in succession to the late Mr. John Aspinall. Legal secretary to the Law Officers of the Crown. Formerly well known as a footballer. Is forty-five.



MISS FRANCES PERKINS.

First lady member of a U.S. Cabinet (Secretary of Labour). In private life Mrs. Paul Wilson. Known as one of the ablest sociologists in New York State, with a particular interest in the protection of the working poor.

CAMERA AS RECORDER:

NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



REMAINS OF THE OLD CATHEDRAL (980 A.D.) FOUND AT AMALFI:
TWO ROWS OF OGIVAL WINDOWS.

Commendatore Chierici, during the restoration of the Church of the Crucifix, which abuts on the present Cathedral of Amalfi, discovered remains of the old Cathedral, built in 980 A.D., which was thought to have vanished. The remains consist of two lateral walls with a double row of Byzantine windows, with marble columns between.



MARINUS VAN DER LÜBBE: THE
ALLEGED INCENDIARY OF THE
REICHSTAG.

This Communist, who, according to the official reports, admitted to having set fire to the Reichstag, is Dutch. He has studied in Russia.



THE SUBSTITUTE MEETING-PLACE OF THE REICHSTAG: THE
INTERIOR OF THE GARRISON CHURCH AT POTSDAM.

The Reich Cabinet decided on March 2 that, since the main chamber of the Reichstag has been gutted by fire, the first meeting of the new Reichstag should be held in the Garrison Church at Potsdam. In its crypt is the tomb of Frederick the Great, and Herr Hitler's reference to the symbolic significance of this fact was greeted with tumultuous applause.



THE NEW HEADQUARTERS FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN
HIGH COMMISSIONER IN LONDON: 39, PRINCES GATE,
KENSINGTON.

The Government of South Africa has purchased 39, Princes Gate as the official London residence of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa. The house previously belonged to Sir Campbell Stuart. It may be added that the new South Africa House is shortly to be opened by his Majesty.



ONE OF THE WORST SHOCKS EVER RECORDED: THE CHART
AT KEW AFTER THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE.

During the night of March 2 an unusually severe earthquake shock was recorded on seismographs in this country. Its centre was in the Pacific off Japan, about 6000 miles from here. It was followed by a tidal wave which caused much damage and loss of life on the east coast of Honshu.



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA
AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A DALMATIC, PROBABLY OF
THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

This Dalmatic, probably of North Italian origin, is to be regarded not merely as a vestment, but as a magnificent example of the weaver's skill. It is made of a silk tissue, technically a brocatelle, with a blue satin ground and figured patterns in gold thread. In pattern, at least, it is much under Chinese influence.



THE MASTERPIECE OF LAST WEEK AT THE VICTORIA
AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A DRAWING BY THE LATE
CHARLES RICKETTS, R.A.

This drawing was made for the costume of the Prince in a proposed production of Laurence Binyon's "Sakuntala," and is typical of all Ricketts' work in the perfect adjustment of colour and the vigorous beauty of the design. A representative display of his work for the theatre is included in the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy.



WITH AN UNDER-CARRIAGE THAT CAN BE RE-
TRACTED: A NEW AMERICAN AIR-LINER.

The feature of this new type of machine, seen during a trial flight over Los Angeles, is its electrically retracting landing-gear. It is the first of a flight to be built for American Airways, and it has capacity for eight passengers, mail and baggage. Its cruising speed is 200 miles an hour.



THE LOCUST PERIL: SPECIAL TANKS IN THE BREEDING
ROOM AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE OF ENTOMOLOGY.

The Imperial Institute of Entomology is prosecuting its war on the locust menace with research in Africa and in this country. Four crates of live locusts were recently brought from Kenya to England, doing the last part of the journey by air, in order that experiments could be made on the best means of extermination. Poison gas discharged from aeroplanes is one of the methods which it is hoped will prove effective. Kenya, in particular, suffers much from the locust pest, and thousands of pounds' worth of damage is done yearly. These photographs were taken at the Institute at South Kensington, where Miss Elwin is in charge of the breeding room.



RESEARCH ON LOCUSTS, BROUGHT ALIVE FROM AFRICA:
MISS ELWIN, WITH SOME INSECTS ON A PLANT.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF GERMANY'S NAZI CHANCELLOR: HITLER THE MAN.

WORLD COPYRIGHT KEYSTONE PHOTOGRAPHS.



ADOLF HITLER IN PRIVATE LIFE: INTIMATE ASPECTS OF THE "SPELL-BINDER" WHO IS NOW DOMINANT IN GERMANY.

Herr Adolf Hitler, who has risen from humble origins to be the most powerful man in Germany, and by his appointment as Chancellor and his triumph in the recent elections has now realised his ambition to wield official authority, has hitherto been mainly known to readers in this country as a vigorous party chief and a fiery orator of the "spell-binder" type. His abilities as a constructive administrator have yet to be proved. Meanwhile these interesting photographs reveal another side of his personality—an intimate and human side of which hitherto little has been heard. The photographs were taken by Heinrich

Hoffmann, who has been with him since the beginning of the Nazi movement. They show Hitler as a man, in private life, on familiar terms with friends and neighbours, with children, and with animals. His face has shed its public mask of severity, and it is seen that he can laugh and enjoy a joke. In company, it is said, he is charming; while his habits are simple and frugal. According to information supplied, he is a vegetarian, and does not drink or smoke. Two photographs (centre and upper left) show him at his country home in the mountains. Below on the left he is seen greeting a peasant woman of Oldenburg.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS THAT RESULTED IN A NAZI TRIUMPH: BERLIN SCENES, AND OUTSTANDING PERSONALITIES.



A GREAT PARADE OF THE STAHLHELMERS (STEEL HELMETS) IN BERLIN ON POLLING DAY: ONE OF THE COLUMNS MARCHING THROUGH THE BRANDENBURG GATE.



CROWDS LINED UP FOR AN AUTHORIZED VISIT TO THE RUINS OF THE BURNT-OUT CHAMBER IN THE REICHSTAG (THE BUILDING ON THE LEFT), OPENED TO THE PUBLIC TO INFLUENCE VOTERS AGAINST COMMUNISTS.



COUNT HELLDORF, A NAZI LEADER, SWEARING-IN NAZIS AS AUXILIARY POLICE: ADDITIONS TO A FORCE TO BE INCREASED TO 3000 MEN (INCLUDING ALSO STAHLHELMERS) IN BERLIN.



A GREAT PARADE OF NAZIS (NATIONAL SOCIALISTS) IN BERLIN ON THE ELECTION DAY: STORM DETACHMENTS MARCHING THROUGH THE BRANDENBURG GATE.



TWO SONS OF THE EX-KAISER IN THE STAHLHELM PARADE: PRINCE FRIEß-FRIEDRICH (NEXT TO THE BANNER-BEARER) AND PRINCE OSKAR (NEXT TO THE RIGHT).



A NATIONALIST LEADER TAKES HIS TURN IN A QUEUE OF VOTERS OUTSIDE A POLLING STATION: HERR HUGENBERG (IN BOWLER HAT, CENTRE) NEAR AN ELECTION POSTER BEARING HIS NAME.



THE VICE-CHANCELLOR GOING TO VOTE: HERR VON PAPEN, CHIEF REICH COMMISSIONER FOR PRUSSIA, WITH HIS WIFE, ON HIS WAY TO A POLLING STATION IN BERLIN ON THE DAY OF THE ELECTIONS.



THE VETERAN CHIEF OF STATE RECORDING HIS VOTE: PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG (ON THE RIGHT) ABOUT TO PLACE HIS VOTING PAPER IN THE BALLOT-BOX.



AN INCIDENT OF A POLICE RAID IN THE NEUKÖLLN DISTRICT OF BERLIN ON THE DAY BEFORE THE POLL: REMOVING ARRESTED COMMUNISTS AND CONFISCATED ARMS IN A POLICE CAR.



THE CHANCELLOR'S EYE-FOR-POLL PROPAGANDA FLIGHT OVER THE POLISH CORRIDOR: HERR HITLER (LEFT BACKGROUND) LEAVING THE AIRPLANE ON HIS RETURN TO BERLIN FROM KÖNIGSBERG.



HERR HITLER (SECOND FROM RIGHT), AND PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM (BACKGROUND, LEFT), SELECTED AS A NAZI DEPUTY, IN AN AIRPLANE DURING THE "POLISH CORRIDOR" FLIGHT—WITH A PORTRAIT OF HITLER (CENTRE BACKGROUND).



SEARCHING BERLIN PEDESTRIANS ON THE DAY BEFORE THE RECENT ELECTIONS: AN INCIDENT OF A POLICE RAID IN KÖSLINER STRASSE, WHERE MANY HOUSES ARE OCCUPIED BY SOCIAL DEMOCRATS AND COMMUNISTS.

On Sunday, March 5, elections were held throughout Germany for the Reichstag, and in Prussia for the State Diet as well. In Berlin the polling day passed off with unexpected tranquillity. The result of the elections was a complete triumph for Herr Hitler, the Chancellor, and his Nazi followers. They won 288 seats in the Reichstag (out of a total of 647), as compared with their 195 on the last occasion, and polled a third of all the votes—over 17,000,000 out of 39,162,419. The next largest number of seats (118) was gained by the Socialists, while the Communists

obtained 81, the Centre Party 70, the Nationalists 52, and the Bavarian People's Party 21. Six other parties gained a few seats each, totalling among them only 17. Owing to the recent destruction of the Parliament Chamber in the Reichstag building (as illustrated in our last issue) by a fire, officially attributed to incendiaries, it was arranged that the new Reichstag should meet in the historic Garrison Church at Potsdam, within view of the coffin of Frederick the Great. The building is too small to hold all the elected members, but Socialist and Communist Deputies,

apparently, were not expected. It was considered probable that, after one meeting, the Reichstag would be adjourned indefinitely and Herr Hitler would proceed to carry out his Four-Year Plan for the regeneration of Germany. In his broadcast speech a few days before the election, he concluded by saying: "Nothing could more fittingly symbolise the beginning of a new Germany than the fact that the Chamber of the old Reichstag lies in ashes, and that the new Reichstag will meet in the Garrison Church." Before the election he made some propaganda flights by

aeroplane, and indignation was aroused in Poland by the plan of broadcasting an appeal: "Germans, awake!", while in the air over the Polish Corridor. Before the elections, many Socialists and Communists were arrested for "political offences," and it was stated that the number of arrests throughout Germany must run into several thousands. Large numbers of Nazis and Stahlhelmers were sworn-in as "auxiliary police," of whom there were to be as many as three thousand in Berlin alone, 80 per. cent. of them being Nazis.

NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY: RECENT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE ITALIAN ROYAL VISIT TO EGYPT: KING VICTOR EMMANUEL AND QUEEN ELENA INSPECTING ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXCAVATIONS; WITH KING FUAD (RIGHT CENTRE; NEXT TO THE KING OF ITALY) AND AN EGYPTIAN SAVANT (EXTREME RIGHT).

King Victor Emmanuel III. and Queen Elena of Italy recently made a stay in Egypt. They were accompanied by their daughters, Princess Mafalda and Princess Maria. The royal visit aroused much interest and enthusiasm in the country. The Italian royalties saw the Egyptian Museums in Cairo, and later went out to the Pyramids on February 21. Princess Maria, with a few Arabs, began the ascent of the Great Pyramid—much to the delight of the crowd—and succeeded in climbing its hundred and sixty-three tiers of rugged stone. Their Majesties also inspected some of the most recent excavations and latest discoveries near the Sphinx—Professor Selim Hassan, the Egyptian archaeologist, conducting them.



THE ITALIAN ROYAL VISIT TO EGYPT: PRINCESS MARIA SETS OUT TO VISIT THE GREAT PYRAMID (WHICH SHE AFTERWARDS CLIMBED).



THE OLDEST INDIAN REGIMENT DISBANDED: THE OFFICER COMMANDING THE 1ST MADRAS PIONEERS SAYING GOOD-BYE TO INDIAN OFFICERS AT MANDALAY.

On February 10, the 1st (King George's Own) Battalion of the Corps of Madras Pioneers was disbanded for reasons of economy and reorganisation. The regiment was first raised in 1758 from irregular levies of Coast Sepoys, and, it is claimed, was the first regiment of the Indian Army. During the nineteenth century it was changed from an infantry to a pioneer regiment. The photograph was taken at Mandalay Station in Burma when the last detachment of troops left for Bangalore.



A MASONIC FUNCTION AT HYDERABAD: AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD TO OPEN THE GOSHAMAHAL BARADARI AS A MASONIC TEMPLE.

The Goshamahahal Baradari was a royal residence under the Moghuls. Later it was used for military purposes; and the Morland Lodge rented part of the building from an Army Mess. In 1931 the Freemasons of Hyderabad petitioned the Nizam for the grant of the Baradari for the practice of their craft, a request which was graciously granted. The Nizam also presented a large sum to assist them in restoring the building.



THE PRINCE OF WALES INSPECTS THE WELSH GUARDS AT WINDSOR ON ST. DAVID'S DAY: H.R.H. MAKING THE DISTRIBUTION OF LEEKS.

The Prince of Wales inspected the Welsh Guards (of which he is Colonel) at Windsor on St. David's Day, and made the presentation of leeks to them. After the inspection and the march past, the commanding officer gave the order, "Remove bearskins!" and called for "Three cheers for his Highness the Colonel." The Prince of Wales pinned a leek on the light blue tunic of an Argentine military attaché who was present.



THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE GENERAL LYING-IN HOSPITAL VISITED BY THE QUEEN: HER MAJESTY BEING RECEIVED AT THE HOSPITAL.

The Queen visited the General Lying-in Hospital, York Road, S.E., on March 6, and opened the new out-patient department, welfare centre, and nurses' home. One of the Queen's youngest subjects at the time, a baby boy not three hours old, was carried in the presence of her Majesty, on a cushion borne by the matron herself, his little hands clasped round a bouquet of flowers.

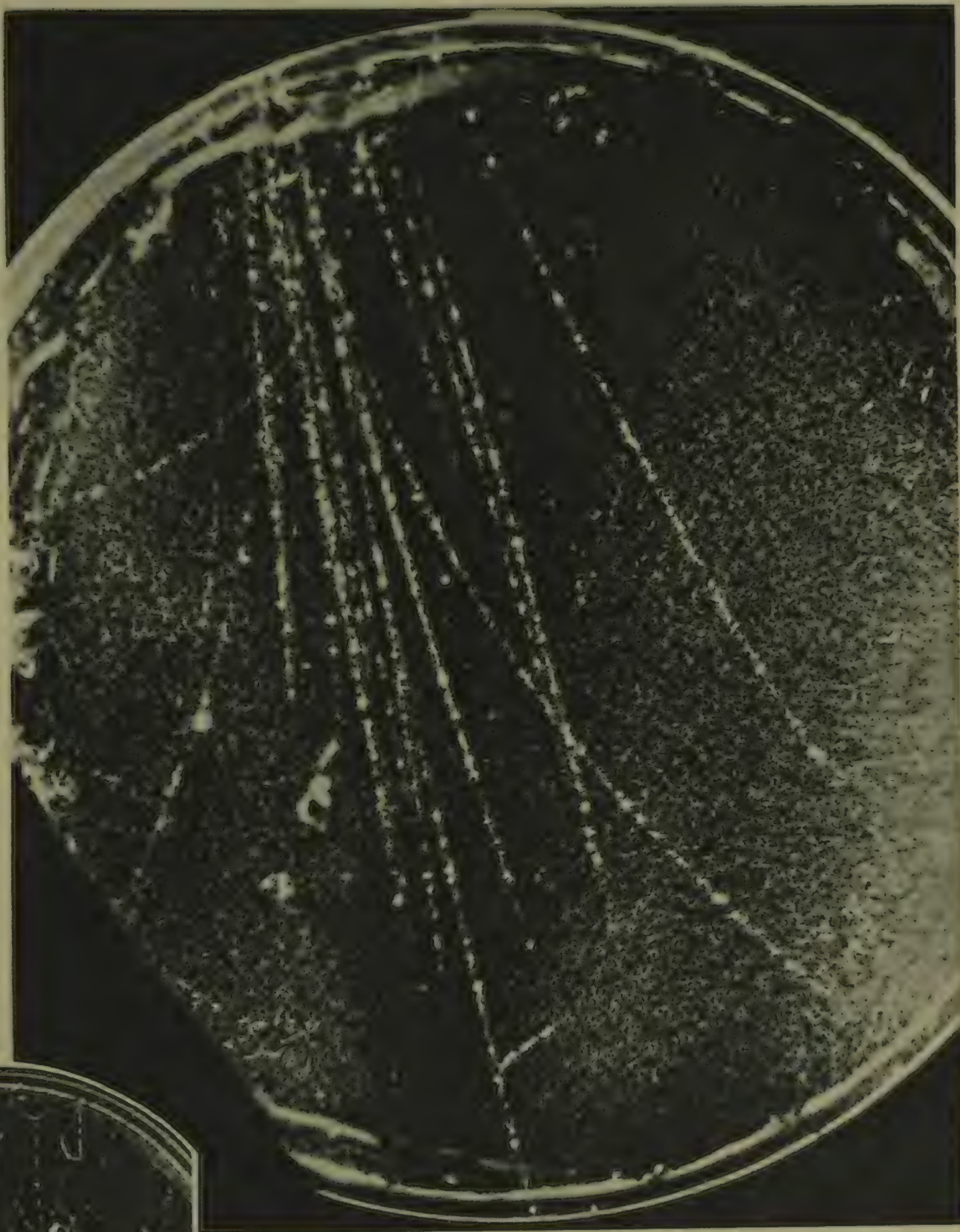
PHOTOGRAPHS THAT PROVE THE EXISTENCE OF POSITIVE ELECTRONS.

REMARKABLE REVELATIONS BY THE CAMERA.

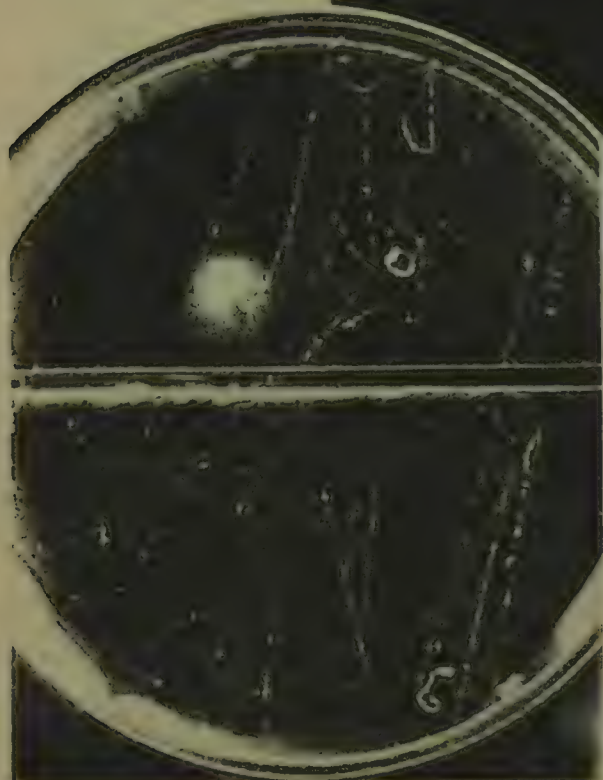
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY P. M. S. BLACKETT AND G. P. S. OCCHIALINI. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, LONDON.

A MEMORABLE announcement of great interest to the scientific world was made recently, to the Royal Society, by Mr. P. M. S. Blackett and Mr. G. P. S. Occhialini (of Florence), who disclosed the fact that, in the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge, they had secured photographs proving the existence of a "positive electron." This discovery will have important effects on the development of theoretical physics, but will probably not affect the present conception of the structure of the atom. With the photographs which are reproduced on this page Mr. Blackett has sent us the following explanatory notes. "The photographs," he writes, "are taken by means of the cloud method invented in 1911 by C. T. R. Wilson; by this method it is possible to condense tiny water drops on the trails of the charged molecules left in the wake of a very fast atomic particle. The white lines on the photographs represent the tracks of such

[Continued below.]



A CLOUD PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TRACKS OF COSMIC RAYS, SHOWING (ON THE RIGHT) TWO TRACKS CURVED MARKEDLY TO THE RIGHT, WHICH MUST BE DUE TO POSITIVE ELECTRONS.



A CLOUD PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TRACKS OF COSMIC RAYS PASSING THROUGH A LEAD PLATE, SHOWING (AT THE TOP) TWO TRACKS BENT MARKEDLY TO THE RIGHT AND THEREFORE DUE TO POSITIVE ELECTRONS.

particles; what is actually photographed is not, of course, the actual atomic particle producing the tracks, but the rows of water drops condensed on their trails. By an electrical method the cosmic rays are made to take their own photographs. By this means it is possible to obtain photographs of very rare processes." With particular reference to the larger photograph at the top, Mr. Blackett writes: "A shower of about seventeen fast particles pass downward through the cloud chamber. Most of these have such a great energy that they travel nearly straight, in spite of a magnetic field of 3000 gauss. They therefore have very great energies corresponding to potential of several hundred million volts. Some of the tracks are seen to be bent to the left, and these must have a negative charge and are certainly due to ordinary electrons, but of great energy. The tracks curved to the right are due to positively charged particles. Since they look similar to those curved to the left, they must have about the same mass as ordinary negative electrons. These tracks are therefore due to 'positive electrons.' The existence of such particles was first suggested by D. Anderson, of Pasadena, California, a few months ago." Regarding the smaller illustration below, Mr. Blackett says: "This photograph shows about twenty-three tracks, mostly of very great energy. Many of them pass straight through a lead plate about one-eighth of an inch thick, which is placed across the cloud chamber. At the top of the photograph, two of the tracks are bent markedly to the right, showing that they are due to positive electrons. The large white blob on the photograph is due to some atomic particle probably quite unrelated to the shower of particles. The cause of these remarkable showers of particles is obscure, but they are probably due to the disintegration of atomic nuclei brought about in some way by the Cosmic Radiation."

AN EPIC OF THE ANTARCTIC FILMED: SHACKLETON'S GLORIOUS FAILURE.



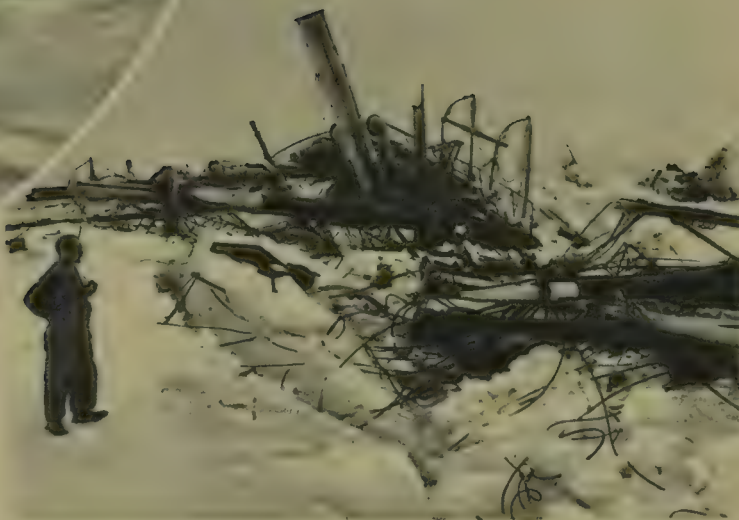
TRAPPED IN THE ANTARCTIC ICE 77 DEGREES SOUTH: THE ILL-FATED "ENDURANCE" IN THE WEDDELL SEA, AFTER BEING BROUGHT TO A STANDSTILL BY THE FORMATION OF SOLID ICE AROUND HER.

ONE of the most stirring tales in the history of exploration—the Antarctic Expedition led by Sir Ernest Shackleton in 1914-16—is the subject of a Gaumont-British film, "Endurance," which began its run at the Marble Arch Pavillion on March 6. It has already been seen as a silent film, but has now been re-edited, and given continuity by the addition of a number of still photographs, and by a commentary spoken by Commander F. A. Worsley, D.S.O., who was captain of the "Endurance." The film ends with scenes from Shackleton's later and final expedition in the "Quest." In the 1914 expedition, Shackleton hoped to sail south through the Weddell Sea, establish a base on the Antarctic Continent, and march across it by way of the Pole to his old base on Ross Island on the opposite side. The plan failed through the thickness of the ice in the Weddell Sea, where the "Endurance" was gradually brought to a standstill, and, although specially strengthened to withstand ice pressure, finally overwhelmed. Then the party

(Continued above on right.)



SHACKLETON AND FOUR OTHER MEN SET OUT FROM ELEPHANT ISLAND TO CROSS 800 MILES OF STORMY SEA IN AN OPEN BOAT TO OBTAIN HELP: THE MEN LEFT BEHIND GIVING A HEARTY SEND-OFF.



THE TRAGIC BREAK-UP OF THE "ENDURANCE" UNDER THE PRESSURE OF THE ICE, WHICH CRUSHED THE HULL LIKE MATCHWOOD: A DISASTER ONLY RETRIEVED BY DEEDS OF WONDERFUL COURAGE AND SKILL.

was in desperate plight, encamped in a region of fearful blizzards, on drifting ice that before long would melt. Taking the ship's boats with them, they trekked westwards; the ice-floes broke up beneath their feet; and by superb navigation they reached the comparative shelter of desolate Elephant Island, sixty miles away. Shackleton, Worsley, and three

(Continued below.)



THE LONELY CAMP AT ELEPHANT ISLAND, REACHED BY BRILLIANT NAVIGATION AFTER THE "ENDURANCE" HAD BROKEN UP AND THE PARTY HAD TAKEN TO THE BOATS: AWAITING THE RESCUE THAT CAME AFTER FOUR ANXIOUS MONTHS OF HARDSHIP.



THE "ENDURANCE" BESET: TRANSFERRING STORES AND EQUIPMENT TO THE ICE IN PREPARATION FOR EMERGENCIES—A NIGHT SCENE FROM THE NEW FILM.

other members set out from there in an open boat to obtain help from South Georgia, across 800 miles of the stormiest sea in the world. Miraculously they made land, and Shackleton, with two others, crossed snow-covered mountains never before trodden by man to the whaling station on South Georgia. After three unsuccessful attempts to return to Elephant Island through the ice-floes, he succeeded at last in a Chilean trawler, and found all his men alive and well. He never lost a man of any party under his command.—[Photographs by Courtesy of W. and F. Film Service.]

THE TRAGEDY OF THE "ENDURANCE"; A FILM WITH A COMMENTARY.



THE FATE OF THE "ENDURANCE," IN WHICH SHACKLETON'S ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION OF 1914 WAS MADE: THE SHIP OVERWHELMED IN THE WEDDELL SEA, WHERE SHE WAS BROKEN UP BY THE PRESSURE OF THE ICE.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE CINEMAGAZINE.

TUCKED away behind a big garage within an easy walk from Oxford Circus is a little corner of kinematic activity. It is the source and fountain-head of a steady stream that flows across our screen, carrying with it tit-bits of entertainment and a fund of information, destined to be slipped into every programme all over England between "feature films" that, as often as not, lack the intelligence and showmanship that have gone to the making of the Cinémagazine. Though thousands of filmgoers derive pleasure and instruction from this pictorial budget, and the more discriminating amongst them may be aware of unusual qualities in the presentation of the weekly instalments, I doubt whether many pause to reflect on the amount of thought, the skill and freshness of vision, behind these brief chronicles of the times. In the little Gainsborough Studio, where some 52,000 feet per annum are turned out for the Ideal Cinémagazine, work of the utmost importance to England and to British films is going forward without fuss or ostentation. Here, under the aegis of Mr. Andrew Buchanan, a valuable ally for the aims of the British Empire Marketing Board has been created, a far-reaching ally who knows how to leaven the instructional with the frivolous, to coat hard facts with pleasant fantasy, and, withal, to couch the subject-matter of the magazine in supremely effective kinematic terms. Gems of our countryside, glimpses of industry, from the preparation and canning of cocoa to the fashioning of the latest thing in Lido hats; politics and piousettes, anything and everything of current interest finds a place between the covers of this screen-journal. Mr. Buchanan, with the co-operation of his chief camera-men, Mr. Rose and Mr. Marlborough, has developed a style in dealing with all this sharply contrasted material that is not only as individual as the methods of the front-rank directors of fictional films, but is in itself a shining example of intelligent film-making.

The Cinémagazine does not concern itself with the actual news of the day. It is therefore deprived of the sensational "scoop" sufficient in itself to excite even a lethargic audience, but it finds its compensation in the margin it allows for attractive "make-up" and the dramatic aid of clever cutting. I would draw attention to Mr. Buchanan's masterly handling of the jig-saw puzzle that finds its way to his cutting-bench week by week. He finds in each piece of it an affinity to the next section—an affinity of rhythm or of content—resulting in an easy and delightful fluency, quite independent of the commentary. His cutting lifts out the vital points of each paragraph and impresses them on the mind without apparent emphasis or too much labouring. He never forgets to cater for the eye, and has moved so far beyond the "just sufficient" in staging that he can—and does—turn the work of an artist-decorator into a fairy-tale. In this manner he has dealt with Mr. John Hill's transformation of an old-fashioned back bedroom, complete with aspidistra, antimacassars, and florid wallpaper, into an airy, clean-cut, springtime place, whilst the pretty feminine owner lies abed, dreaming of the Ideal Home. The sets designed by Mr. Buchanan have to satisfy his demand for depth and perspective, whilst their decorative detail suggests the nature of the particular item under the lens. Thus a beauty-parlour will be flanked by two enormous heads in silhouette; a designer of modern jewellery finds arms and heads in triangular niches on which to hang the glittering *parures* fashioned by her nimble fingers. "Dance Flaws," a page of the magazine recently shown, reached its climax in a remarkable Machine Dance, wherein two dancers vainly pitted their grace and strength against the great revolving wheels, the cogs and clutches of merciless machinery. I have seldom seen anything more impressive in its swift, strong drama of movement and scenic composition than this short *danse plastique*.

The Ideal Cinémagazine sends out one budget a week, each one containing six different subjects. The camera-men bring grist to the mill from our factories and villages.

They go further afield in their ceaseless quest of the unusual and the beautiful, combing the Mediterranean coast, it may be, or probing the picturesque byways of France and Germany. They have a *flair* for the lovely play of light and shade, for the mellow dignity of old masonry and the call of quiet waters. Their treasure-trove is insinuated between the sterner stuff of labour and the lighter business of vaudeville with a dexterity and suavity that makes for complete unity.



"JOLLY ROGER"—A NOTABLE SUCCESS AT THE SAVOY: A SCENE FROM THE NEW MUSICAL BURLESQUE; WITH GEORGE ROBESY, AS BOLD BEN BLISTER (RIGHT), ON THE PARAPET AT THE BACK.

Delightful music and the lavish and tasteful use of colour in the costumes form a frame for much excellent clowning and some subtle humour in "Jolly Roger." George Robey is his usual boisterous, amusing self under a nautical disguise. He is seen here with the hero, "Jolly Roger" (Victor Orsini), the young planter accused of piracy by the rascally Governor of Jamaica (Gavin Gordon—right foreground), who is himself in league with "the Bloody Pirate" (Scott Russell, left centre) in a conspiracy to do away with their Majesties' Emissary to the West Indies, Admiral Rowlocks (Percy Heming—right centre).

Such work as this, solid, well prepared, sticking steadfastly to its aims and its ideals—for Mr. Buchanan is undoubtedly a man of ideals—cannot fail to make its mark and to emerge gradually from the easy acceptance of a familiar programme.



BOLD BEN BLISTER PLOTS THE RELEASE OF JOLLY ROGER (WRONGFULLY CONSIGNED TO THE COAL-CELLAR ON A CHARGE OF PIRACY) WITH TWO CHARMING CONSPIRATORS: (R. TO L.) ADMIRAL ROWLOCKS' DAUGHTER AND JOLLY ROGER'S LOVER (MURIEL ANGELUS), GEORGE ROBESY AND HER MAID, PRUDENCE WARY (CHARLOTTE LEIGH), IN AN AMUSING TRIO.

item to the recognition it deserves. Its influence is spreading in ever-widening rings, imperceptibly, perhaps, but none the less surely, not only as regards public taste in kinematic fare, but in building up a desire for the rich store of rural settings and industrial backgrounds which our English fictional films have only tentatively tapped. There is more of England reflected in the pages of this compact little journal, more liveliness in its editing, than in the average output of our full-length fictional films; yet in the apparent facility with which the Cinémagazine is kept up to its high standard, and in the regularity of its service, lies the danger of accepting without critical acknowledgment the resource, the real hard work, and the imagination of its sponsors.

"THE GOOD COMPANIONS."

Mr. Victor Saville, the director, has been fortunate in his good companions, his scenario-writer, Mr. W. A. Lipscomb, and his camera-man, Mr. Bernard Knowles. The first has performed the Herculean task of condensing Mr. J. B. Priestley's lengthy volume with great neatness and a workmanlike efficiency that make the continuity run smoothly without those disconcerting hiatuses that might so easily have occurred in a discursive theme. The second has an imaginative eye for light and shade, and groups his shots with pleasing variety and simplicity. Most of the long list of players, too, are well in the picture, with carefully observed studies of type and character. Of many among them we would fain have seen more. It is, however, Mr. Edmund Gwenn's Jess Oakroyd that stands out, head and shoulders, above the rest—a virile, lovable, dryly humorous impersonation, redolent of Yorkshire in accent, bearing, and address. Miss Jessie Matthews as Susie Dean, the darling, and ultimately the star of the concert party—to whose chequered career and incidental rehearsals and performances perhaps overmuch space has been devoted—has a part after her own heart, vivacious,



BOLD BEN BLISTER SAVES THE HERO'S LIFE AT A TICKLISH MOMENT: VICTOR ORSINI AS JOLLY ROGER; ONE OF THE GOVERNOR'S RUFFIANS; AND GEORGE ROBESY, IN "JOLLY ROGER."

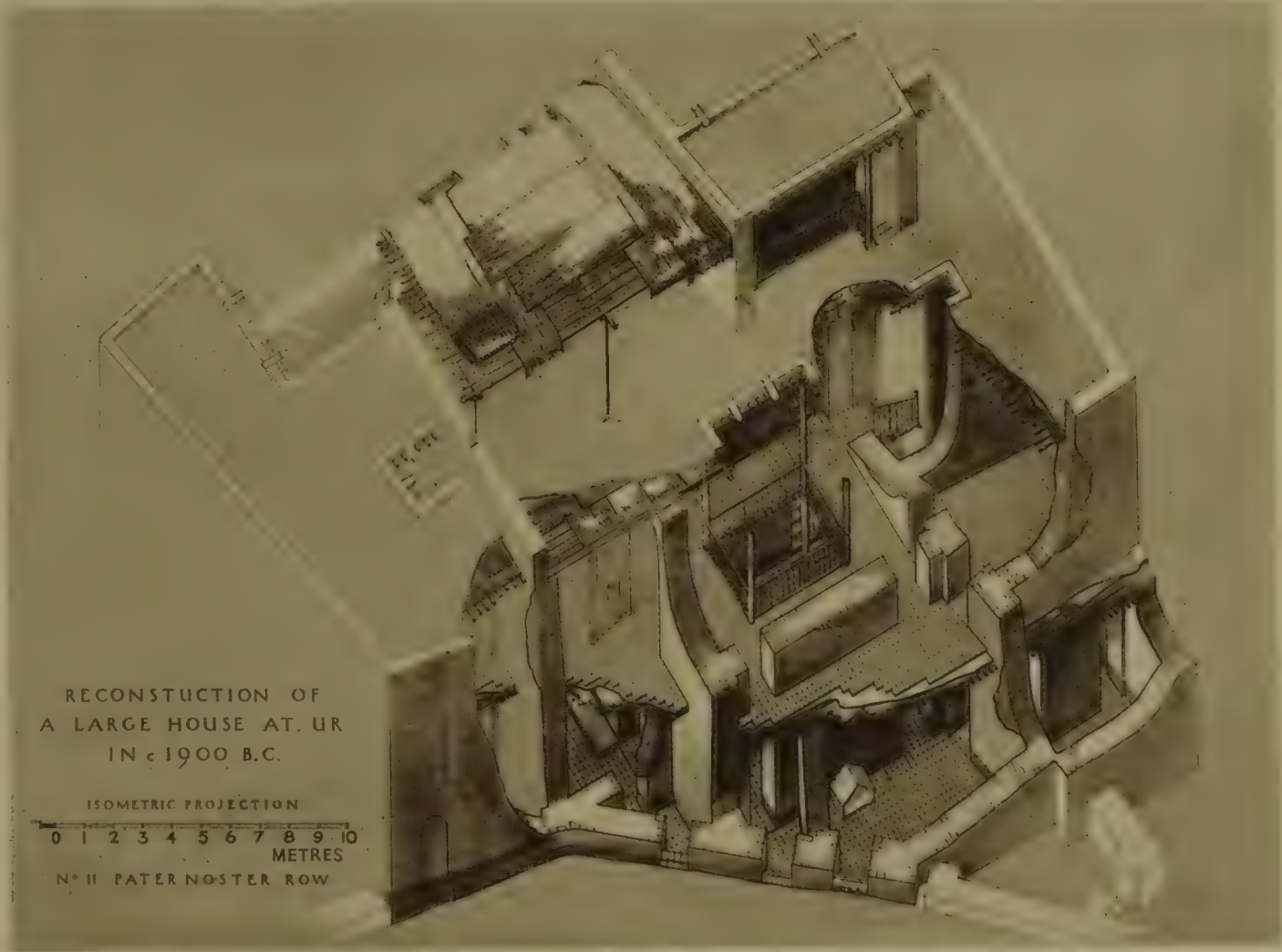
impudent, appealing, with ample opportunities to display her talent as a singer and actress. To her more highly-coloured personality the quiet, intentionally over-mannered Inigo Jollifant of Mr. John Gielgud is a pleasantly effective foil; while Mr. A. W. Bascomb is a shrewd, humorous, entirely excellent Jimmy Nunn.

As for the film itself, it is a most faithful transcript of the book. And herein, I think, lies its weakness from the kinematic point of view. From beginning to end the picture is a reflection not of something lived, but of something written—undistorted, clear-cut, delicately framed, but a reflection, nevertheless, in silver in which the crude primary colours of vital experience have no place. It is as if before both camera and players the printed pages had been well and dutifully held. Of them all, Jess Oakroyd is the only one with more substance than a shadow seen in silhouette. Despite the affectionate care, the loyalty to the author, the sincerity of purpose that breathe through every foot of the film, the story, as visualised on the screen, has no dramatic urgency; the characters, impinging one upon the other, provoke no dramatic conflict. Though the sequences are skilfully arranged, the plot is coherent, the pictorial embellishments have a definite quality of tone and significance, for those who have not read the book—if such there can be found—the film will provide little more than two hours of pleasant if unexciting entertainment. Lovers of the novel will find in it a joyful renewal of cherished acquaintance. And they are the legion majority to whom Mr. Saville and his gallant company have deliberately, and legitimately, directed their appeal.

A HOUSE OF ABRAHAM'S TIME AT UR; AND A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DESCRIPTION BY MR. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, LEADER OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY MUSEUM JOINT EXPEDITION TO MESOPOTAMIA.

"THE manner in which people lived at Ur in the twentieth century before Christ" (writes Mr. Woolley) "is well shown by the accompanying drawing by Mr. A. F. E. Gott, the architect with the Joint Expedition. The house, known as No. 11, Paternoster Row, is the largest private house of the period excavated by us, and its size, together with the unusual fact that it possessed three front doors, suggested that it might have been an inn or 'khan,' but there is nothing to prove that it was not a private residence. The walls were standing about 10 ft. high, nearly up to the ceilings of the ground-floor rooms; the extreme solidity of the walls enclosing the staircase showed that there had been a second flight, and the house may therefore have had three storeys; but it seems safer to restore it with two floors only and to make the second staircase lead to the flat roof, on which probably, as in very similar Arab houses of to-day, there would be shelters made of poles and matting for summer use. On the ground-floor, grouped round the central court, which was open to the sky, were fourteen rooms; one of these, again, was unroofed and acted as a light well, while at the back of the house a long room which was the domestic chapel and two small chambers off it were only one storey high. On the upper floor were probably five rooms, the space occupied by little lobbies on the ground floor being incorporated here in larger rooms. At a later period this accommodation was thought insufficient, and a small house next door on the left was taken over, its front door bricked up, and a new door into its courtyard cut in the wall of the reception-room of the big house; thus six rooms were added. The middle door of the three giving on the street led through a lobby into the central court; the left door gave access through a triangular lobby to the reception-room; that on the right led to what seem to have been store-rooms, an argument, perhaps, for identifying the building as a 'khan.' As you entered the court the great reception-room lay on the left; facing you was another large living-room and the staircase; while on the right were the kitchen and servants' offices; a passage from the reception-room went to the lavatory and the chapel, and the latter was reached also through the second large living-room; the bed-rooms were upstairs. The walls are built with kiln-fired bricks in their lower courses and mud brick above; they were plastered with mud and whitewashed. The ground-floor rooms were paved with burnt bricks; the lower flight of stairs,



THE FIRST "RECONSTRUCTION" DRAWING MADE TO SHOW HOW PEOPLE LIVED AT UR OF THE CHALDEES IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY B.C.: AN ISOMETRIC PROJECTION INDICATING INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS OF THE LARGEST AND BEST HOUSE YET DISCOVERED ON THE SITE, AND FAMILIARLY KNOWN TO THE EXCAVATORS AS "NO. 11, PATERNOSTER ROW."

which is preserved, was of brick, the upper part of timber; the stairs led to a wooden gallery running round the court and giving access to the upper chambers. The roof was like those of modern Arab houses, of poplar poles over which were laid mats, then stout reeds, a second layer of mats, and above them a coating of earth and mud about 4 in. thick; it sloped very slightly and had gutters of terra-cotta or wood to carry rain-water clear of the walls. Most of the roof drained into the central court, where there was a seepage pit lined with terra-cotta ring-pipes going down 20 ft. or more into the subsoil. Ceilings for the ground-floor rooms were made like the roofs, but might have a pavement of burnt bricks laid over the mud. No attempt has been made here to restore the furniture, which would have been very simple; chairs, tables, beds, and chests were in common use, but, then as now, mats and rugs spread on the floor would satisfy most wants. In such a house as this life would be comfortable, dignified, and, according to the ideas of the country and the time, luxurious."



A STRANGE DISCOVERY AT UR IN A TEMPLE FLOOR OF ABOUT 2700 B.C.: A PIT FILLED WITH GYPSUM BLOCKS, PROBABLY "UNHEWN STONES" AS A SACRED BASIS FOR AN ALTAR—SHOWING (ABOVE) RUINS OF A TEMPLE BUILT BY NABONIDUS ABOUT 535 B.C.

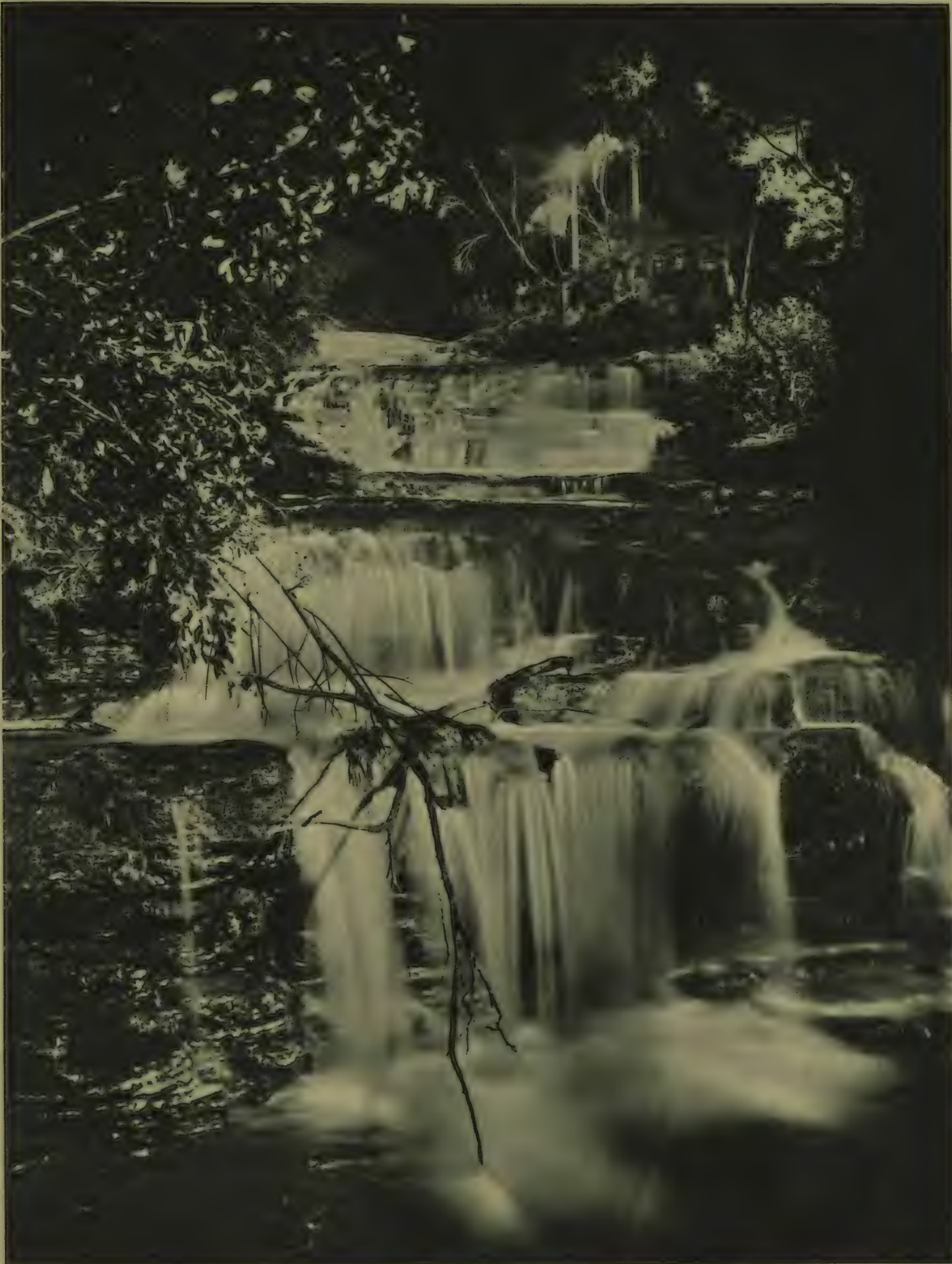
REFERRING to the lower illustration, Mr. Woolley says: "A curious discovery made at Ur last January seems to point to further connection between the religious ideas of the Sumerians and those of the ancient Hebrews. We are excavating a temple built about 3000 B.C., in a corner of the terrace on which stood the Ziggurat of that time; it had been rebuilt perhaps three centuries later, but of the new building little remained except the boundary wall and the mud-brick floor of its court. Into this floor had been dug pits, three rectangular and one round, very neatly cut and filled—three of them—with clean soil of a reddish tint, and one with the same red soil above, but at the bottom with rough gypsum blocks measuring up to 4 ft. long. The gypsum must have been brought from a great distance; it is carefully laid in courses, and the cost and labour involved imply that the purpose was important; there is nothing below the stones, so that whatever object they served was above ground, but the loose light soil covering them proves that they were not meant to strengthen the foundations of any heavy structure. The Sumerians had the custom of bringing clean earth for the foundations of a sacred building; here the pits are quite small—the largest, that containing the stones, measures only 15 ft. by 12 ft.—so that there cannot have been actual buildings over them, but they would serve perfectly as foundations for altars. For the stone we have nothing to help us in the Sumerian texts, but we do know of the Hebrew custom of building an altar with unhewn stones. Here the stones are not in the altar itself, but beneath it. A discovery made at Ur two years ago, however, shows that a temple might owe its sanctity to being based on foundations which were themselves a complete temple underground, complete even to the whitewash on the walls, but filled solidly with sand so that no man could enter it. What is true for a temple may well hold good for an altar in the temple, and the altar here, whose superstructure has been swept away by later builders, may have been doubly sanctified by the 'clean earth' of which Sumerian inscriptions tell, and also by the unhewn stones of the Mosaic tradition."



FLOOD-LIGHTING AS A WORLD FASHION: THE ILLUMINATED SHWE DAGON PAGODA AT RANGOON, A BUDDHIST SHRINE OF SUPREME SANCTITY—ITS GILDED SHAFT AGLOW.

Flood-lighting is now a world fashion: witness the photograph here given and that opposite. As to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, we quote from Murray's guide, "India." "The Great Shwe Dagon Pagoda . . . is the most universally visited of all places of worship in Indo-China. Its peculiar sanctity is due to the fact that it is the only pagoda known to Buddhists which is credited with containing actual relics not only of Gautama, but of the three Buddhas who preceded him in this world. . . . The stately pile stands upon a mound, partly natural and partly artificial, which has been cut into two rectangular

terraces . . . The upper terrace . . . rises 166 ft. from the level of the ground." The pagoda itself rises to a height of about 370 ft.—or a little higher than St. Paul's. It is profusely gilt from base to summit, and is surmounted by the usual gilt ironwork *hti*, or "umbrella," on each of whose many rings hang multitudes of gold and silver jewelled bells. Until recently the pagoda was encircled by several rings of electric lights—and now, as our illustration shows, it is flood-lit—the shimmering gilded shaft presenting at night a picture of even more fantastic loveliness than it does by day.



FLOOD-LIGHTING AS A WORLD FASHION: THE ILLUMINATED LEURA FALLS, IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF NEW SOUTH WALES; A SIGHT OF "THE LAND THAT NATURE FORGOT."

Australia is the strangest continent. Very old, speaking geologically; very primitive from the botanists' and zoologists' point of view; it was cut off from the rest of the world æons ago and the evolution of plants and animals proceeded there on rather different lines from the rest of the world, if, indeed, it can be said to have proceeded at all. It was the land that Nature forgot about for a time—a land that ceased to grow up (as far as natural conditions were concerned)—a sort of "never, never land" of zoology and botany. Now it has great modern cities; Sydney second to none. Sydney has triumphed

over great physical obstacles in the course of its growth. And there are still rugged uplands only fifty miles away from it that remain practically uninhabited. Naturally, these highlands, and the Blue Mountains, have proved attractive to tourists—for their heights and vistas and the weirdness of the Australian scenery; unlike that to be found anywhere else in the world. One of the principal beauties of the Blue Mountains are the Leura Falls, which, in order that nothing shall be lacking of glamour in a "never, never land," now foam downwards in luminous sheets and jets—flood-lit by the enterprising electrician.

DRY-POINTS BY ONE OF THE GREATEST CHARACTER ARTISTS OF

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.

OUR DAY: BLAMPED IN SARDONIC AND SYMPATHETIC MOOD.

EDMUND BLAMPED, R.E. COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



"POOR PEOPLE."



"THE CHEF."



"THE OLD COMPLAINT."



"BIRTHS, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES."

The art of dry-point, as our reproductions show, is capable of giving wonderfully subtle effects and a "velvety" surface that the process of etching cannot render. Dry-point has, strictly speaking, nothing to do with etching, being, indeed, a form of engraving: no acid is used on the plate, the lines being hollowed out of the copper with a sharp-pointed instrument. The raised edge of copper turned up by the tool is the "burr," and it is this, in printing, that gives the velvety effect sought by connoisseurs in dry-

point. The great disadvantage in dry-point is, of course, the difficulty of obtaining a large number of prints of equal excellence, owing to the delicate character of the work compared with etching or line-engraving. The characteristic burr does not last long, and the "bloom" of the early proofs of a dry-point soon wears off. None the less, the process was used by both Dürer and Rembrandt; and it is the presence of clearly visible dry-point work, with all the richness that it was intended to impart, that confers



"THE SPEECH OF THE EVENING."



"TOUTE D'SUITE."

value on early impressions of such an etching as the "Hundred Guilder Print" of Rembrandt, in its second state, or on the single state of "Christ Healing the Sick." A great modern artist who worked in dry-point was Forain; and his terse economical style would seem to have influenced Mr. Edmund Blampied in his handling of the same medium. "Poor People" and "The Old Complaint" we may, perhaps, be allowed to single out as having a close connection with Forain's style. Another artist for whom

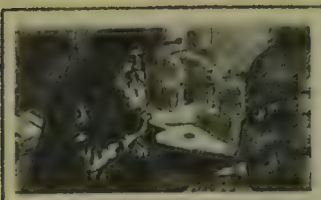


"UN PRÉCIEUX."
(1st Trial Proof Impression; Unpublished.)



"THE DAY'S NEWS."
(Unpublished.)

Mr. Blampied also confesses his great admiration is Goya; while Daumier's handling—malignant twisting, some might call it—of the "human form divine" is recalled by such brilliant satires on metal as "The Speech of the Evening" and "Un Précieux." But Mr. Blampied is not always in this sardonic mood—we need only recall to our readers his amusing "Nonsense Exhibition," held in 1931. Mr. Blampied has also done fine work both as an etcher and lithographer, winning the International Gold Medal for Lithography at Paris in 1925. Finally, we would note that both "Un Précieux" and "The Day's News," are, at present, unpublished.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HOW SEA-SNAILS GROW UP: AN IMPORTANT STEP IN FISHERY RESEARCH.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I HAVE just finished reading a discourse on "the problems of planktonic gastropod larvæ." And what may these "problems" be; and what, in the name of goodness, are "planktonic gastropod larvæ"? some may ask. I will do my best to explain, for the theme is worth explaining; it is, indeed, one of surpassing interest, though I can call to mind, at the moment, no one who could expound it as it should be expounded, and must, perforce, do my best to convince my readers that even as I tell the story it is an interesting one. For it reveals an insight into the marvels of the sea that only a favoured few ever get an inkling of at first hand. In the original it is told in the terse and technical terms which of necessity have to be used by those who are engaged in recording the results of strictly scientific research for the advancement of knowledge and the instruction of their fellow-workers in the sphere of Marine Biology.

Men and women whose interests or whose work keeps them herded in great cities are seldom really interested in the sea. And this seems to be true even of those who join in pleasure-cruises, say, to the fjords of Norway or the sparkling waters of the Mediterranean. They seem hard put to it to escape boredom while afloat. Yet all around, and beneath the keel of the stately vessel of their choice, are marvels greater than in any fairy-tale awaiting their attention. Dr. Marie Lebour is one of the wizards engaged in the discovery of these marvels, and what

subscribe handsomely towards the upkeep of the Plymouth Laboratory. For they have long since realised that the work going on there, taking samples of seawater to test its salinity, its nitrates and phosphates, its temperature, currents and depths, and the vast multitude of organisms living here, are matters of the very highest importance to the success of this "harvest." On the diatoms and other microscopic forms of plant life, myriads beyond computation of equally microscopic animal organisms depend for their existence, as well as small crustacea, larval molluscs, and tiny fish-larvæ. A host of larger organisms feed on these, and in their turn furnish our food-fishes—herrings and mackerel, salmon and soles—with their daily rations.

To-day we know enough, thanks to the Plymouth Laboratory and similar institutions, to understand how the reaction of this ceaseless internecine warfare affects the well-being of the herring fishery or the cod fishery or the oyster fishery, as the case may be. And we accordingly are enabled to take measures to ensure that each of these shall be safeguarded so far as is humanly possible. The Fishmongers' Company long ago realised all this.

But even to-day many of the fishermen fail to grasp what is being done for them; and doubtless, like a host of others who have had better opportunities of education, regard the patient work of these investigations as a waste of time, of no "use" to anybody.

Let me now try to give some idea of the work that is being done in this laboratory, in regard to investigations into the "life-histories" of some of the myriad tribes of the sea, using Dr. Marie Lebour's latest discovery as a case in point. This concerns the life-history of the small shell-fish or molluscs known as *Aporrhais pes-pellicani* and *Turitella communis*. The shells of the adults are familiar enough, but it has fallen to her good fortune to bring to light the hitherto unknown eggs and early larval stages of these two. Even to know that these do not differ materially from the like stages of most other univalve molluscs is valuable knowledge. But the details differ and

these are important.

The story of these larvæ begins with the "egg-capsules," for as many as twenty eggs may be included in a single translucent spherical capsule. And here, for a time, they may be seen moving actively about, the walls of their nursery stretching to give them more room till the capsule bursts and sets them free into the great wide sea. They have already developed a shell. But this (Fig. 1) bears no likeness to that of the adult seen in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 4). But more than this. They are launched into the world as minute, free-swimming

organisms, to form part of what is known as "the plankton of the sea." That is to say, of a vast host of creatures of all kinds which, though they can contrive to keep themselves afloat, are entirely at the mercy of the currents, and must go whither they are carried.

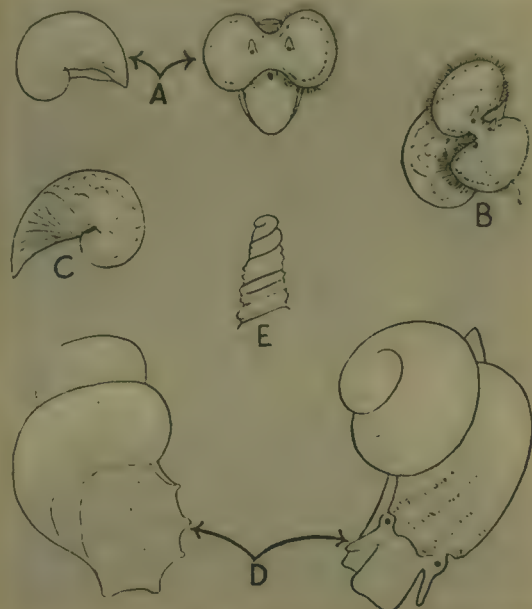
During this stage they are known as "veligers." What a "veliger" is like can readily be seen in that of *Aporrhais pes-pellicani*, wherein the body is kept afloat by means of the vibrations of minute hair-like threads, or cilia, fringing the great outgrowths of the body, looking rather like windmill sails. And by the action of these cilia, currents of water containing food particles are brought to the mouth. The foot, to be used later in crawling on the sea-floor, and the "tentacles" at this stage are now well developed. Below this will be seen a later stage, where the arms are shrinking; and note how different is the shell from that of the adult. The shell to the



1. A TRIUMPH WON BY THE PATIENT RESEARCH WORK AT THE MARINE BIOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION AT PLYMOUTH: THE LARVAL STAGE OF THE SMALL SHELL-FISH *APORRHAI PES-PELICANI* ("PELICAN'S FOOT"), RECENTLY BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY DR. MARIE LEBOUR.

In this illustration, the left upper figure shows the youthful "pelican's foot" at the "veliger" stage, when it drifts at the mercy of the winds and currents, kept afloat by means of the vibrations of the minute hair-like threads which fringe the outgrowths of the body looking rather like windmill sails. Below that is seen a later stage, in which the arms are undergoing absorption. To the right is a specimen a month old, with its larval shell forming the tip of the spiral. All are highly magnified.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Marine Biological Association.



2. THE EARLY OR LARVAL STAGES OF *TURITELLA*: ANOTHER SMALL SHELL-FISH WHOSE EARLY HISTORY HAS BEEN REVEALED BY DR. LEBOUR'S LABORIOUS RESEARCHES.

A show the shell of *Turitella*, and the veliger-larva. B is the veliger four days old, with its shell seen at C. The two figures marked D show the shell and the final veliger stage; while E shows the upper portion of a half-grown shell. All are highly magnified.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Marine Biological Association.

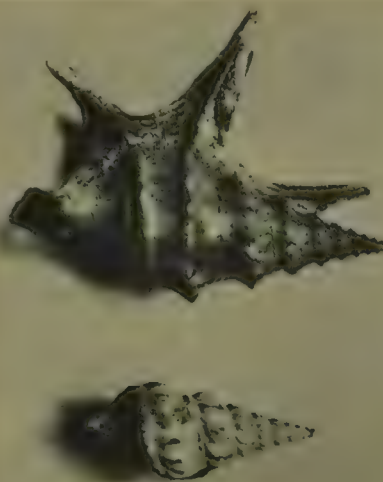
right represents the little creature at a month old, and no more than 5 mm. in length. The original larval shell now forms the tip of the growing spiral, while as yet there is no trace of the long spines which give the name "pelican's foot" to the adult-shell.

These youngsters, it is to be noted, all dwell together within the walls of their crystal nursery in harmony, contrasting strongly with the horrors enacted within the egg-capsules of the common whelk, wherein the stronger eat their weaker brethren, so that only a fraction of the original family finally emerge. A word more as to "larval" shells. In the two species just described these are retained to form the tip of the spiral of the adult shell; but in some species, as in the cowrie-shell (*Evato voluta*), this shell bears not only no resemblance to that of the adult, but is later either slowly absorbed or is shed. There is a time, indeed, when the little creature has two shells, one within the other. It seems a strange waste of energy to build up a shell and then throw it away. Where it is absorbed there is no such waste.

3. THE ADULT *TURITELLA COMMUNIS*, WHICH ABOUNDS IN ENGLISH WATERS—COMPARED WITH A MUCH LARGER SPECIES FROM CEYLON (ABOVE), WHICH DIFFERS FROM IT MARKEDLY IN COLORATION AND ARCHITECTURE.

I have now to say has been gleaned from her records published in the Journal of the Marine Biological Association at Plymouth. Here she has worked laboriously for many years, and always she has something new to tell us. Her task, in the first place, is to seek for knowledge for its own sake. This in itself is a sufficient end. But inevitably there emerges another result which has perhaps a greater value in the estimation of the "plain man," who loves to regard himself as a sort of "superman" because of his fine contempt for everything that does not promise dividends. He believes in "payment by results," and is unable to see what earthly good can come of "squinting" down a microscope to watch the movements of organisms invisible without its aid.

Happily there are exceptions to every rule. The great Fishmongers Company, for example, might be supposed to concern themselves only with the "harvest of the sea" in relation to Billingsgate. They are, indeed, so interested in this that they gladly



4. THE ADULT SHELL OF *APORRHAI PES-PELICANI*; SHOWING THE FINGER-LIKE OUTGROWTHS ROUND THE MOUTH WHICH GIVE THE SHELL ITS FANCIFUL RESEMBLANCE TO THE PELICAN'S FOOT; AND A YOUNG SHELL (BELOW).

GOLF, INVADER OF THE WORLD: IRON PIPING FOR PAPUAN NATIVES' CLUBS.

GOLF having subjugated the world, it is not surprising that the game is attracting native races. Port Moresby (where golf is but three seasons old) provides a case in point. We have a crew of smart little caddies, native children of, say, ten to fourteen years of age. They have brown skins and scarlet loin-cloths and heads of glossy black hair, cut short and parted on the side (for that is the vogue at present). They are well disciplined and keen; they have eagle eyes for balls that lie in hiding; and they get a chit worth threepence for eighteen holes under the tropical sun. They are as unobtrusive as one could wish, and they make no noise, unless it be for little snatches of song—but that is only when they are out of effective ear-shot down the fairway. If there be any fault to find, it is that they take an almost embarrassing interest in the play of their employers. Sometimes it is found that they have a private bet—viz., the threepenny chit—on the outcome of the game; and while I have never suffered a direct reproof from my caddie, I have often felt uncomfortably sure that my play was not pleasing him. Indeed, but for the necessity of upholding European prestige and the fact that I am five times his age, I should sometimes feel inclined to apologise. But they are very sympathetic, and a good shot always brings a twinkle of approval—if you are the sort of player who looks for it. At the end of each year our caddies have a "beano." First of all they engage in a driving competition and then in a six-hole match; at the end of the day they are regaled with lollies, buns,

[Continued below.]



SOME OF THE PORT MORESBY CADDIES ADDRESSING THE BALL: PAPUAN BOYS OF TEN TO FOURTEEN WHO SHOW GREAT ENTHUSIASM FOR THE GAME AND PLAY REMARKABLY WELL WITH HOME-MADE CLUBS.



A SELECTION OF THE HOME-MADE DRIVERS USED BY THE LITTLE SELF-TAUGHT NATIVE CADDIES AT PORT MORESBY—ARUA MOREA'S LEFT-HAND CLUB SECOND FROM THE LEFT: WORKMANLIKE CLUBS WITH HEADS OF A KNOTTY HARD-WOOD, AND WHIPPY MAGI SHAFTS.



HOME-MADE DRIVERS AND IRONS IN PORT MORESBY—THE LATTER WITH HEADS OF IRON PIPING INTO WHICH THE SHAFT IS NEATLY SOCKETED, THE END BEING BEATEN TO THE LOFT REQUIRED FOR PUTTER, MASHIE, OR MID-IRON.

and ginger-beer. Now, the unique thing about these competitions is that the clubs are all home-made; in fact, they must be home-made, on pain of disqualification. Every caddie has his bundle of two or three or more (I have seen none with a bag yet, but no doubt that will come), and, whether we judge by inspection or results, they are exceedingly workmanlike tools. The drivers are modelled to the last detail. The head, fashioned out of knotty hard-wood, may have its ballasting of lead, duly let in at the right point, or a protective plate of tin in lieu of brass. The shafts, nicely tapered and finished, are all of a local hard-wood called *magi*: they look their part very well, but have an amount of play that will rather confound a golfer who is used to hickory or steel. With the irons, the shaft is socketed into a short length (about nine inches) of piping. This is bent to an obtuse angle, one arm remaining as socket for the shaft, the other being beaten flat and given the requisite twist for putter, mashie, or mid-iron. Armed with these weapons, the boys—they are only children—gather round the tee for their driving competition. If they are excited they do not show it; there is no disconcerting chatter—they are far too well schooled for that, and they mean to observe the rigour of the game.

One by one, they drive off in irreproachable style; or, if that is saying too much, at least in better style than most of us Europeans display at No. 1 tee. The really noteworthy thing about it all is that these youngsters have had no training. Their style has been acquired solely by observation of the Europeans on the course (and amid a varied assortment of models they seem to have selected and rejected with a good deal of shrewdness). Each boy had one drive only, and of the thirty or so who competed, only two failed to drive a good ball. I fear the club members are not so reliable. The winner drove 180 yards, and a little later, during the match, the same youngster drove 210 yards straight and true—a boy of perhaps fourteen years with a home-made club! The match went off in good style and at a speed which can hardly have been equalled in the history of golf. But our youthful caddies have had stern secretarial schooling in the manners of the game, and on a crowded course there was no trace of confusion. They play each shot with admirable coolness, but having played it they stoop to gather up their clubs in one sweep, tuck them under their arms, and dash off at the double. The course (incredible sight!) was alive with golfers on the run. These young Papuan golfers really behaved very well, and they played very well too, all things considered: one does not expect to see records broken with home-made irons. The winner returned a card of twenty-nine for the six holes (Bogey 25), and there were many who ran him very close. When it was all over, the competitors, winners and losers alike, were rewarded with small cash prizes, and while they played their nineteenth—or, more strictly, their seventh—hole in ginger-beer, the European spectators moved homewards, some of them in rather chastened mood.

F. E. W.



ARUA MOREA, A LEFT-HANDER, AT THE TOP OF HIS SWING.



ARUA MOREA'S FOLLOW-THROUGH: A PRETTY GOOD SHOT.



KORA KALUA SWINGING THROUGH WELL AT THE END OF A GOOD DRIVE.



DIKANA INOGO ADDRESSING HIS BALL FOR THE DRIVE.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. IN PRAISE OF A *SUNG* POTTER.

By FRANK DAVIS.

BY the time this article appears in print, some fortunate individual—who is hereby asked to accept my envious congratulations in advance—will have become the owner of the little cup illustrated in Fig. 3. It is only three inches in height, glazed a delicate grey, with a simple decoration in brownish black, and is one of the most enchanting pieces of Chinese porcelain I have seen for a long time. Collectors who measure the importance of their acquisitions by size and weight are invited to read no further: connoisseurs will, I know, wish me

paper is familiar with the long series of glazed and unglazed pottery figures of dancers, musicians, grooms, horses, and camels which attended the dead in their last resting-place. These figures, which are so often of the highest sculptural quality (there are, of course, many from the dynasties before the accession of the T'angs), give us a very vivid notion both of the potter's capabilities and of the people he represented. It has now been proved beyond a doubt that true porcelain was made before the end of the dynasty—that is, before 960 A.D.—and this in a strange way. The spade of the archaeologist at Samarra, on the Tigris, turned up certain fragments of indubitably Chinese porcelain—one can see them in the British Museum. Samarra was utterly destroyed in 883 A.D., so this type of porcelain must have been made and exported before then.

If one reads the political history of China, the tale of bloodshed, of revolt, of savage

massacres, of invasion, of war, of pestilence, is so terrible that the mind is staggered. Two facts seem to emerge from the confusion: first, that barbaric invaders from the North become highly civilised and thoroughly Chinese in two or three generations; and secondly, that, amid and in spite of alternations of political confusion and strong but tyrannical government, artists and craftsmen seem able to produce paintings and porcelain which their modern descendants can only feebly imitate—which brings me back to my illustration.

The Sung Dynasty lasted from 960 to 1280 A.D. It was an age of almost perpetual war against the Mongols, and ended with the conquest by Kublai Khan, who had founded Peking in 1264. Yet, though the Sung Emperors failed to preserve their country, the contribution of their people to that country's culture was of extraordinary importance. It was an age of great statesmen and of gallant soldiers, of historians and poets, philosophers and artists. It ended in complete ruin, but it requires no great imaginative powers to judge of its attainments from the comparatively small amount of pottery and porcelain that has survived the wreck.

From this time date those noble celadon bowls and vases which are the abiding delight of all collectors to-day: the *ying ch'ing* ware with its delicate blue-white colour ("shadowy-blue"); and half-a-dozen other well-known and well-defined types which combine a faultless sense of form with an austere simple decorative scheme. The range of colours is limited, especially to eyes familiar with the gorgeous achievements of later centuries; but these were early days, and the complete mastery of colour came only with experience.

What is so noticeable in nearly all Sung wares is, first, their extraordinarily harmonious shapes—bowls and pots seem to have grown under the maker's touch as easily and naturally as the flowers in spring—and secondly, the extreme nicety with which decorative details are put in; of both these excellences this little cup is, I suggest, a notable example. Of no other country and of no other period can it be said that humble pottery-workers seemed to have breathed in beauty with their native air; one feels it was as difficult for them to make a clumsy shape as for a pretty woman to pass a mirror without noticing it.

In the sale catalogue it is suggested, on the strength of a few obscure words in a Chinese text to the effect that stem-cups were made in Hupeh, that this is to be classed as a specimen of Hupeh ware. As the form of the stem-cup can be traced throughout two thousand years, and not only in China, I for one remain unmoved by the revelation, which in any case would be wholly unimportant even if it were true. No; beauty requires no adventitious aid from pedantry—here is a rare and lovely thing, typical of a Sung artist at his distinguished best, and as such to be cherished. No amount of doubtful literary references can either diminish or enhance its native excellence, and even if most of us hold that Chinese art reached its apogee only when a full range of colours came into use, this is none the less one of the most lovely examples of that art's earlier triumphs.



2. ANOTHER MASTERPIECE OF THE SUNG PERIOD—OFTEN HELD TO BE THE GOLDEN AGE OF CHINESE ART AND LITERATURE: A VERY FINE CHÜN YAO BOWL OF DEEP CONICAL SHAPE, WITH SMALL BROWN UNGLAZED FOOT. (DIAMETER, 5½ IN.)

This bowl has a pale-grey lavender glaze, crackled "like starred ice" and suffused with a purple bloom. The carved lotus stand is of wood. All Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co., New Bond St.

well in thus drawing attention to so delicious an example of subtle and exquisite potting.

A reproduction in monochrome leaves a great deal to the reader's imagination, and never before have I so longed for the mantle of Keats, that a new Ode to a Chinese, not a Grecian, Urn might take the place of halting prose in an attempt to make clear to those who are not familiar with Chinese work of this early period something of its distinction and easy mastery. A piece of Greek pottery more than a century ago produced some of the finest stanzas in the English language: I ask myself whether John Keats might not have written an even nobler poem had he been confronted with the far subtler harmonies of such a cup as this.

Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity.

Having thus made it plain to the meanest intelligence that, for once in a way, I have reduced myself to a pleasant state of auto-intoxication over a small scrap of porcelain shaped by some forgotten and anonymous craftsman nearly a thousand years ago, in a country then utterly unknown to Western civilisation, let me come down to earth and walk soberly, for it is my business to deal in information rather than in fantasy.

While the Roman Empire was slowly disintegrating in and around the Mediterranean, Chinese culture attained its Augustan age under the T'ang Dynasty, a period of roughly three hundred years, during which writers, painters, sculptors, and potters produced many of the world's masterpieces in their respective fields, some few of which have survived. Where so much has been lost, our knowledge, as of many another ancient civilisation, is largely based upon tomb furniture, and no doubt every reader of this



1. TO FIGURE IN A SALE IN APRIL: A BEAUTIFUL SOFT CHÜN VASE OF THE SUNG DYNASTY (960-1280) ON ITS WOODEN STAND. (6 IN. HIGH.)

The vase has a lobed oviform body, short neck, and foliated mouth; is covered with a pretty cyclamen-pink glaze, turning to mulberry, and splashed at the mouth.



3. AN EXQUISITE PIECE OF SUNG WARE, WHICH FIGURED IN A RECENT SALE AT SOTHEBY'S: A VERY RARE STEM-CUP EXCAVATED AT KAI-FANG-FU, AND PERHAPS DATING FROM THE TENTH CENTURY. (HEIGHT, 3 IN.)

The interior of the bowl (seen above) is decorated with a floral design in white relief on a grey glaze and a simple floral scroll in brownish black. The exterior, with meandering prunus branch and cloud band, is in similar colours.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"JOLLY ROGER," AT THE SAVOY.

ALARUMS and excursions in the shape of threats of strikes and accusations of coercion brought an excited audience together on the first night, and it says much for the quality of this musical burlesque, "Jolly Roger," that, robbed of their unlawful excitements in the shape of interruptions, the audience gave the piece as hearty a reception as ever the Savoy has heard. It is an amusing and exceedingly tuneful entertainment, and the inclusion of Mr. George Robey in the cast as Bold Ben Blister was a daring and successful piece of casting. By his personal magnetism and music-hall mannerisms, Mr. Robey might have upset the balance of the play. But he did not. He kept well in the picture, and his robust humours gave body to a book that, while clever enough, relied too much on literary graces that don't always get over the footlights. Nor is the plot as quickly moving and as full of incident as a burlesque of transpontine melodrama should be. Yet it is good enough, while the lyrics were deliciously in keeping: "Barratry, Arson, Rape, and Slaughter," "How Many the Innocent Joys of Jamaica," and "Hymn in General Praise of Morality" are in their several ways gems suggestive of old-time minstrelsy. As Sir Roderick Venom, the cruel Governor of Jamaica, Mr. Gavin Gordon was supremely good, and agreeably unlike the wicked captain of artillery he played in "The Pride of the Regiment." Which suggests that Mr. Gordon has gifts apart from burlesque. It will be interesting to see him in a straight play. Mr. Walter Leigh's score is admirably tuneful, and of the thirty-two numbers he has contributed, not one could be spared. They were well sung by Miss Muriel Angelus, Miss Sara Allgood, Mr. Percy Heming, Mr. Victor Orsini, Mr. Scott Russell, and an attractive and fully vocal chorus.

"COCK ROBIN," AT THE LITTLE.

While this comedy-drama is hardly worthy of the Elmer Rice who wrote "Street Scene" and "The Adding Machine," it is yet sufficiently good entertainment. The scene is laid in a tap-room of an eighteenth-century inn; but the period is the present, for it is a performance of a romantic costume comedy by an Amateur Dramatic Society we are supposed to be witnessing. The first act, the final dress rehearsal, is pure comedy; but drama happens during the second act, in which one of the actors, on the night of the production, is mysteriously murdered in full view of the audience. The efforts of the company to discover the criminal without calling in the aid of the police contrive to hold the interest. Very well acted, with a particularly fine performance by Mr. Bernard Nedell as a professional producer, and Miss Elizabeth Maude as his assistant.

"ONCE IN A LIFETIME," AT THE QUEEN'S.

This is not only a brilliant satire on Hollywood, but one of the funniest plays seen in London of recent years. It is brilliantly acted by an entirely unknown company of provincial actors who hail from the Birmingham Repertory theatre. Mr. Charles Victor, who plays the rôle of the temperamental film director, is indeed a find. He quivered with intensity; to see him choke with rage was to witness the first stages of apoplexy; the very hair on his neck seemed to bristle with fury. And then his sudden dumb astonishment as a rare idea penetrated his intelligence; his slow, almost awed smile as he realised its possibilities. Here was no accident of casting, but very fine acting. Indeed, among this cast of forty unknown players, there was hardly a performance that could have been improved upon. Mr. Derek Cotter, as a tame author who spent most of his working hours in the waiting-room hoping to meet his employer, and claimed to be the holder of the Marathon Chair Sitting record, was immensely good; while the good-humoured dullness of Mr. Richard Caldicot's third-rate actor who finds himself hailed as Hollywood's finest screen director was a gem of obtuseness. The play has been perfectly produced by Mr. Herbert M. Prentice, and if the laughter of the first-night audience is any criterion, "Once in a Lifetime" should be the hit of the year.

A mannequin parade, showing a collection of fashionable spring models, British-made throughout by the blind, has been organised by the London Association for the Blind for Tuesday, March 14, at the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, Kensington. A limited number of reserved seats are available on application to the London Association for the Blind, 144a, Warwick Street, London, S.W.1.

The value of such a publication as the "Royal Blue Book Court and Parliamentary Guide" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 186, Strand; 7s. 6d.) must be apparent to all. It has now been published for over a hundred years, and the 1933 edition gives, of course, the names and addresses of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in an area which may be roughly described as being bounded by Hampstead on the north, the Chelsea reaches of the Thames on the south, Bloomsbury on the east, and West Kensington on the west. Telephone numbers are given, and among other interesting features is a list of golf clubs, with particulars of fees and other details.

"Wisden's Almanack" for 1933 has just been published, making the seventieth edition in the history of this annual. At a time when controversial points have regrettably arisen in the cricket world, it is a relief to find again in "Wisden" a record of so many past and present glories of the game, a record which, as usual, is perfectly presented with the utmost accuracy and detail. The editor, Mr. Stewart Caine, has devoted several pages to a clear and impartial discussion of "body-line" bowling. The choice of the "Five Cricketers of the Year" has fallen on A. S. Kennedy, W. E. Astill, C. K. Nayudu, W. Voce, and F. R. Brown.

Messrs. Martell and Co. have issued a booklet entitled "The Art of Drinking," which, as the subtitle says, serves as "The Intelligent Man's Guide Through a Wine List (Brandy Section)." The history, production, and uses of Cognac Brandy are described, and there are entertaining digressions into such controversial subjects as Prohibition and Licensing Laws. A copy of this booklet, which is illustrated, will be sent post free to any reader making application to Messrs. Matthew Clark and Sons Ltd., 14, Trinity Square, E.C.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

ROAD TESTS of new cars are always interesting and pleasant to the keen motorist, and the absence of frost conditions on the roads within a hundred miles' radius of London greatly aided the enjoyment given by the new 15-h.p. six-cylinder Daimler saloon when I made an exhaustive trial of this latest addition to the Daimler range of carriages. Messrs. Stratstone, Ltd., of Pall Mall, the Daimler distributors for the Metropolis, very kindly loaned me the car—"to do what I liked with it," as they said. From a motoring point of view, that was *carte blanche*, and I must here and now declare that this overhead-valved six-cylinder engine will do whatever the driver asks it, from crawling on top gear at under a mile an hour to accelerating on the level road to 65 miles an hour without fuss or bother. One expects good performances from cars of high-class make, such as the Daimler, but few could have expected such a "well-bred" carriage of this class purchasable for £450, with its comfort-giving saloon coachwork. Yet this is its moderate price, and nothing that I could discern has been done to skimp anything in high-class design, material, and workmanship to bring this car down to such a low cost. The "Fifteen"



VISITING THE COUNTRY TO ENJOY THE FIRST INTIMATIONS OF SPRING: ONE OF THE NEW DAIMLER "FIFTEEN" SALOONS.

The new Daimler "Fifteen" saloon, here seen, is fitted with the Daimler fluid flywheel transmission. The price is £450.

Daimler carries all the attributes of the large high-class Daimler carriage for which this make is celebrated throughout the world. It is wonderful value for its price.

Silent Running "Fifteen" Engine.

When one looks back and remembers that £450 was the cost of the former 16-h.p. six-cylinder Daimler chassis without its coachwork six or seven years ago (which is the price now for the highly finished "Fifteen" Daimler saloon complete), one can better realise the great advance made in lessening production costs in a well-conducted factory. The new overhead-valved engine runs with such silence and freedom from vibration and fussiness that the driver of this car finds that he has accelerated up to 40 miles an hour from his gliding, effortless start in a few seconds, and up to 60 miles an hour in slightly over half a minute.



GRACE AND SPEED IN CAR AND HOUND: THE OWNER OF ONE OF THE 1933 ROVER "TEN" SPECIAL SALOONS WITH HER CAR AND A FINE COUPLE OF GREYHOUNDS.

The 1933 Rover "Ten" special saloon, seen here, is fitted with controlled free-wheeling and clutchless gear-change.

if he does not ease up the accelerator pedal. Such is its natural acceleration. Whatever folks may think about various kinds of clutches, I do not know any other type which lets a car glide away from a standing start as if pulled by some mystic power as the Daimler "fluid flywheel." Thus the combination of a highly efficient engine and the "fluid flywheel" hydraulic clutch gives a most silky result in the running. As far as the driver is concerned, in the control of the car the clutch is non-existent. After the engine has been started, and the gear pre-selected by simply moving a finger control, one uses the pedal only to change gear from neutral to the gear selected.

Car Steady at Speed.

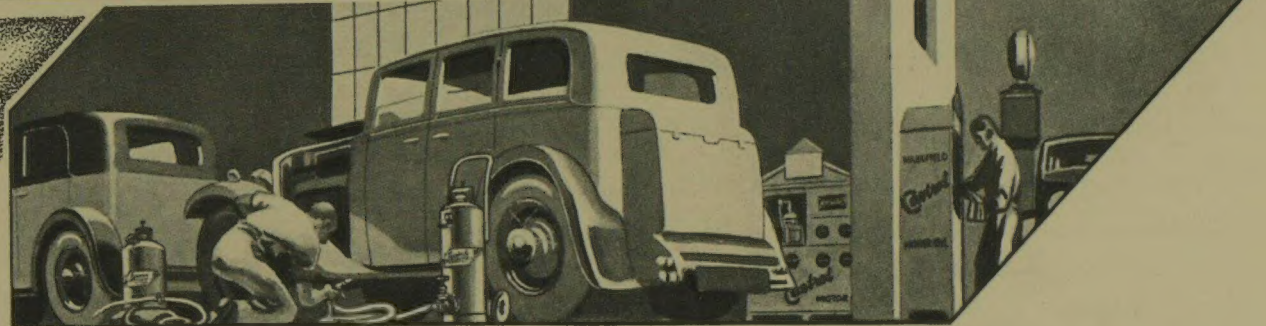
A lorry suddenly backed across the open Kingston-Staines road by the new reservoir, so that I had to jump on the foot-brake as hard as possible when the car was travelling at over 50 miles an hour. To the credit of this "Fifteen" Daimler saloon, it pulled up as steady as a rock without the slightest tendency to swerve either right or left in 30 yards. The road certainly was dry, and there is very

[Continued overleaf.]

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So much time and labour is saved by this up-to-date service that it costs you no more than the tiresome methods of old. It is, in fact, an *economy*, for regular Castrol lubrication will undoubtedly keep your car at the top of its form and save you the expense of transmission troubles and other breakdowns. Drive to a Castrol Lubreequipment Station before the week is out, and discuss this new service with the manager there. Or post this coupon NOW for a free copy of "The Prevention of Cruelty to Motor Cars"—one of the most interesting motoring books ever given away.

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(Continued.)

little camber on its waterproof smooth surface, but I consider this a splendid performance, and few cars, if any, could better it. The usual practical working formula of drivers is to allow a yard per mile per hour over 40 miles an hour to pull up, so that about 50 yards would have been the usual expectation. This Daimler saloon (weighing 23½ cwt. empty of its passengers and petrol) halted in 20 yards less than expectation. Also, this car is quite steady on the road at high speeds rounding curves, so that there is little rolling effect on the passengers. With its four-speed pre-selector gear-box and "fluid flywheel" transmission, a child can change gear if gear-changing is necessary. In practice I only found a freak hill to make me use second speed; Nettlebed Hill was climbed at 50 miles an hour on top gear; and White Hill, out of Henley, across the bridge, at 40 miles an hour on third speed. I give these examples as a fair sample of ordinary driving, as White Hill would not be rushed from Henley Bridge, while Nettlebed was taken on the run. I was perfectly satisfied with this performance, and I should imagine that it would be equally satisfactory to other drivers.

Special Features of the New "Fifteen."

The excellence of the Lockheed hydraulic brakes on the Daimler "Fifteen" is due to the design incorporating the master cylinder being coupled to a Dewandre servo motor. Thus one gets perfectly equal braking of each pair of wheels,

rear and front, with very little physical effort required from the driver, the power being supplied by the vacuum action of the Dewandre motor. Women will be very pleased with this car for many reasons. One is that the steering is light and steady, with good castor action. Another is its safety, due to its stable balance and brakes; and a third reason may be added for its comfortable coachwork and fittings. It seats four persons comfortably, and does not pretend to seat five by crowding a third into the back seat. One hears nothing but the swish of the tyres on the waterproof roads, as the carburettor intake is silenced, the engine has no period, and the gears are also noiseless. The usual three-piece bonnet makes inspection of the engine easy, and the Luvax hydraulic shock-absorbers keep the springs at their proper flexibility, so that when the car is filled with four up and luggage on the carrier, one travels quite free from heavy road shocks at high touring speeds. I found that this car really ran better fully loaded than as a single seater without luggage at very high speeds. There was practically little difference in its smoothness at low rate, whether fully loaded or almost empty. But in either case it was most comfortable. Petrol consumption ranged from 20 to 23 miles per gallon, according to the speed the car was driven all day. Averaging over 40 m.p.h. for 100 miles, it worked out at a trifle more than 21 miles per gallon. This should satisfy most folk.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

(Continued from Page 338.)

emotion in the feminine breast, but not of satisfying it. I expect Essex Brooke was wise to recognise her limitations; within them, her work is excellent.

Miss Dorothy L. Sayers has a genius for using local colour. Whether she is really conversant with the whole process of producing advertisements, from the dawn of a slogan to the delivery of the blocks, does not matter; her account is completely convincing. Her dialogue, too, is excellent, and her skill in both these directions has never appeared to better advantage than in "Murder Must Advertise." The story itself is not quite so good as we have a right to expect from Miss Sayers. The chief criminal is too retiring; if we are to guess his identity we ought to see more of him.

The murderer in Mr. Rhode's story was a person of great ingenuity. Clearly a murderer's best safeguard is to make the death look accidental. This is thoroughly provided for in "The Motor Rally Mystery." But the criminal's scheme is very complicated and must have involved grave risk of discovery at several points. However, fortune favoured the murderer until the appearance of Dr. Priestley in the guise of Nemesis.

It is rare to find a detective story where the interest is centred almost exclusively in the minds of the chief characters, as is the case in "Dead Man's Alibi." A man missing from his home is discovered by the police, to whom he confesses that he has committed a murder; he then loses his memory and his personality, and the question is, has a crime been committed, and if so, who was the victim? Mr. Hollingworth works out his unusual story with great skill.

The rather rude amateur detective in "Why Shoot a Butler?" is refreshing, and his contempt for everyone except himself makes him an original, if not an attractive, figure. True, he seems to be surrounded by a set of imbeciles, but possibly his manner, or lack of manner, has something to do with their half-hearted obedience to his instructions. The story is exciting, the people real and amusing; though Aunt Marion's shrewdness is, almost as exaggerated as Uncle Humphrey's stupidity.

Mr. Thomas Cobb has an imposing list of detective stories to his credit: "The Metal Box" is, alas! the last. It is an exciting and mysterious tale, the solution being not too recondite, nor too obvious, to spoil the reader's pleasure in the chase.

Kelly's "Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes (Kelly's Directories Ltd., 186, Strand; 30s.) is now in its fifty-ninth year. To those who are not familiar with this invaluable work it should be explained that it includes innumerable informative sections—tables of precedence, lists of the principal clubs, forms of address to people of various rank and positions, the Lords-Lieutenant of the various counties, Ambassadors, and Ministers. Telephone numbers are given, even of people living abroad or overseas. Another all-important publication by the same firm is the "Post Office London Directory; With County Suburbs" (55s.). This is now in its 134th edition. A changeable, whimsical, and to many a strangely fascinating London is mirrored in its pages.

March winds have a devastating effect on the complexion of the out-of-door sportswoman. The skin is the most delicate part of the body and the action of strong winds on the soft tissues results in hardening and reddening which may well become permanent unless prevented. An excellent preventive is the use of Beetham's Lait Larola, which is a soothing emollient for softening and whitening the skin. It cleanses the pores of all waste products and is excellent as a powder base. A good idea is to apply it to the face before facing exposure to the winds, and to use it regularly each night. This is a simple beauty hint which every woman can follow, for Larola costs only 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. at all chemists and stores. Larola has other uses, and companion beauty preparations, of which details can be found in the interesting little book, "The Cult of Beauty," which will be sent post free to all readers who apply to Beetham and Son at Cheltenham.

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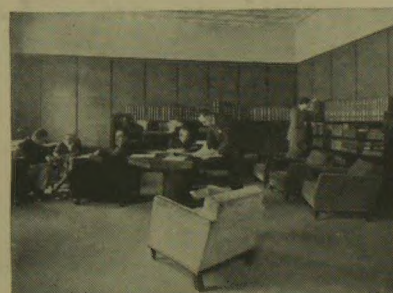
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